

EGBERT

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WINTER ISSUE
No.8

10¢

TELL ME ABOUT
THAT MURDER
IN THE HOTEL,
EGBERT!

OH, A PAPER HANGER
JUST HUNG A
BORDER!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

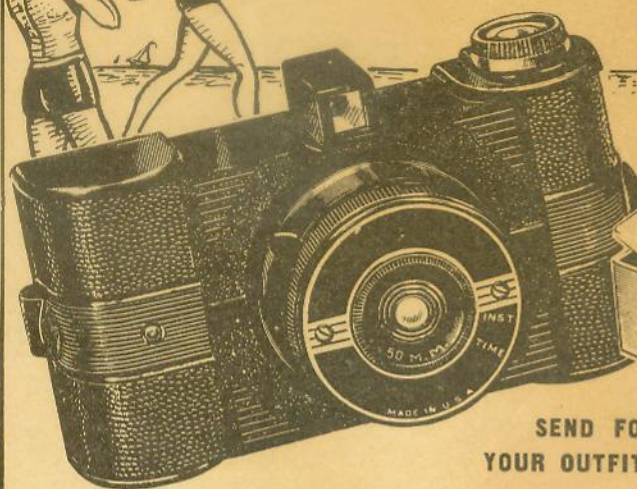
Scoop!



Complete Picture-Taking Picture-Making Outfit for only \$4.98

Candid-Type Camera! Complete Developing Outfit! Complete Printing Outfit!

All for one low price of only \$4.98!



SEND FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

At Last! You Can Take, Make and Develop Your Own Pictures!

This is the first time a complete picture-taking, picture-making outfit has ever been offered at the sensationally low price of only \$4.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay much more than that for a good developing kit. Yet here you not only get a big, 14-piece Developing Kit so that you can actually make and develop your own pictures, but also a famous make candid-type Camera which takes regular size pictures. Positively not a toy. Both the Camera and the Developing Kit are "the real thing"—guaranteed to work on the same principle as those used by experienced photographers.

Easy To Make Your Own Pictures!

Think of it!—You can go out and snap pictures of your favorite scenes, of important events and land-marks, or of members of your family. Then, within a few minutes after you snap the pictures, you can develop them yourself. Virtually without waiting you can make and develop those same pictures right in your own home. Watch them come to life... clear and sharp... before your very eyes, almost like magic. Sensational! Exciting! Thrilling fun such as you've never known before.

Make Money While Having Fun!

This is the chance of a lifetime to pursue an interesting hobby and learn the fascinating photography business at the same time. You can even make money in your spare hours. Use your Home Developing Kit to accommodate friends and neighbors. They'll be glad to give you their business for it will save them time and money, just as it does you.

THE CAMERA has all the latest features, including snapshot and time exposure and level view finder. Uses easy-to-get 127 film and takes 16 pictures on an 8-exposure roll. THE DEVELOPING KIT consists of

14 individual pieces as shown. There are 2 plastic trays, 1 metal print frame, 1 stirring rod, 1 package of two dozen sheets of contact paper, 3 Universal M-Q developer packs, 1 box acid-fixing solution, 1 plastic funnel, 1 GE darkroom light, 2 plastic clips and 1 easy-to-follow Handbook of developing and printing.

10 Day Examination Offer

Is this a value? You bet it is! By far the greatest value in the country today. Never before has it been possible to get everything necessary to take, make and develop pictures all for this one low price of only \$4.98. These outfits are sure to be grabbed up fast. Photo and camera enthusiasts everywhere will be anxious to own a complete Kit such as this for fun and, for spare time profit. You'll be wise to order your complete outfit right now while this low price offer is still in effect so that you won't be disappointed. It's first come, first served. If you want to get started at once to take, make and develop your own pictures, mail the coupon below today. You **SEND NO MONEY!** We'll let you examine and use the kit as your own for 10 days on our money-back guarantee offer.

You get this Big 14 Piece Developing Kit!



SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2531 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me the Complete Picture-Taking, Picture-Making Outfit as described. On arrival I will pay postman only \$4.98 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges for everything. It is understood that if I am not positively delighted with the outfit in every way, I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ I enclose \$4.98 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit to me all postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

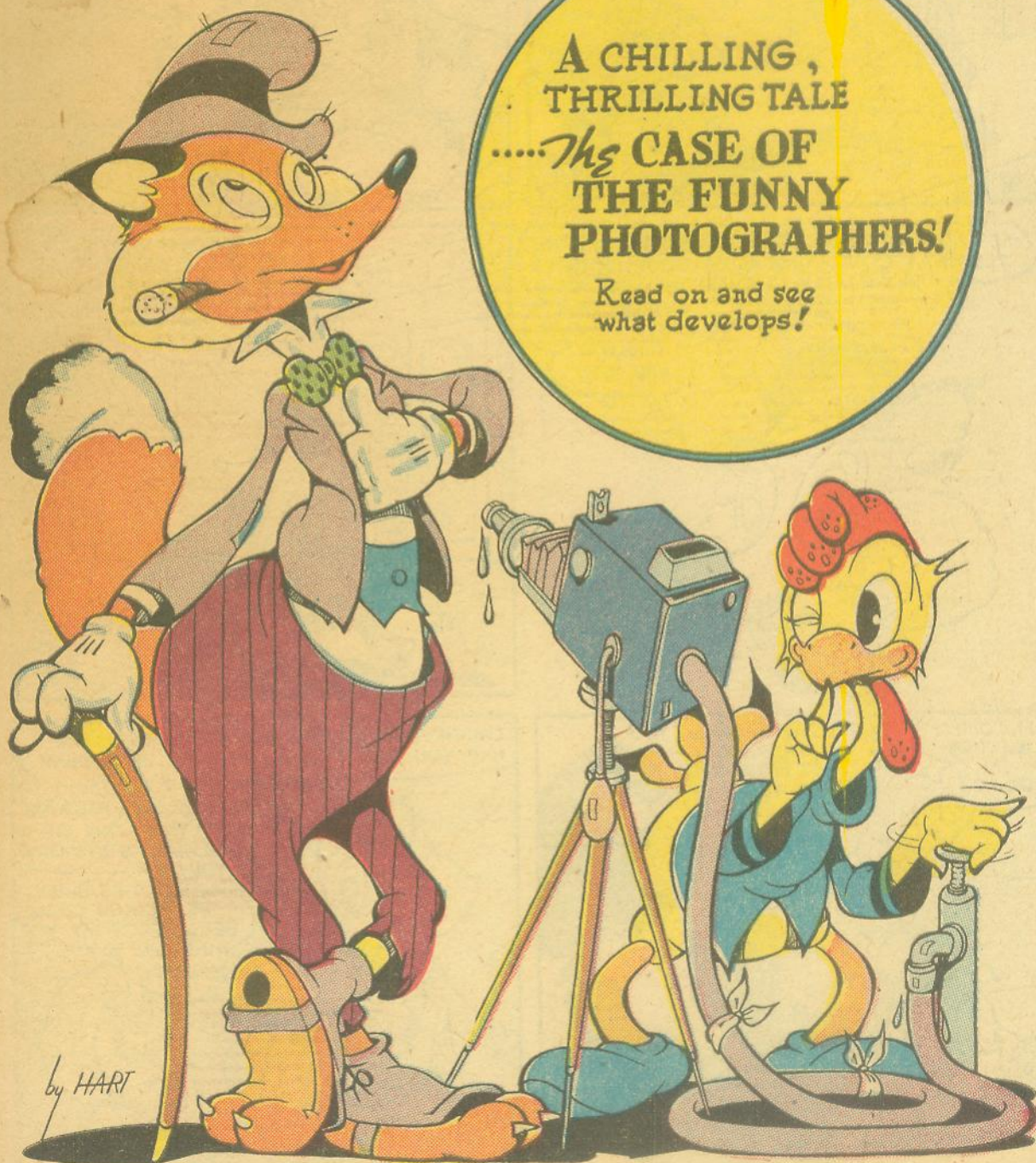
ECBERT

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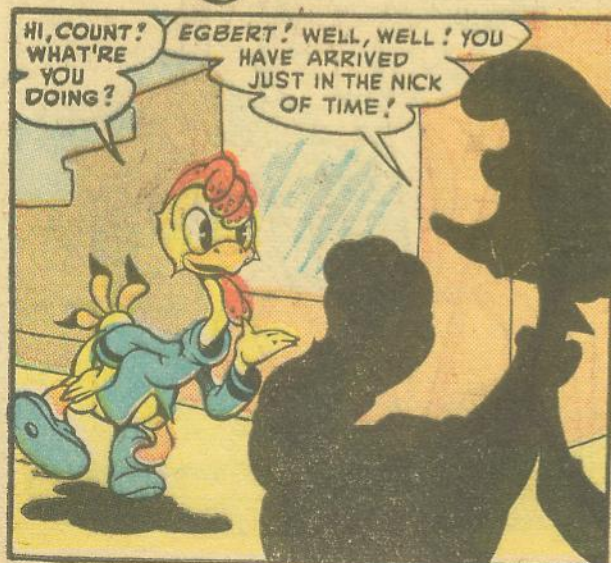
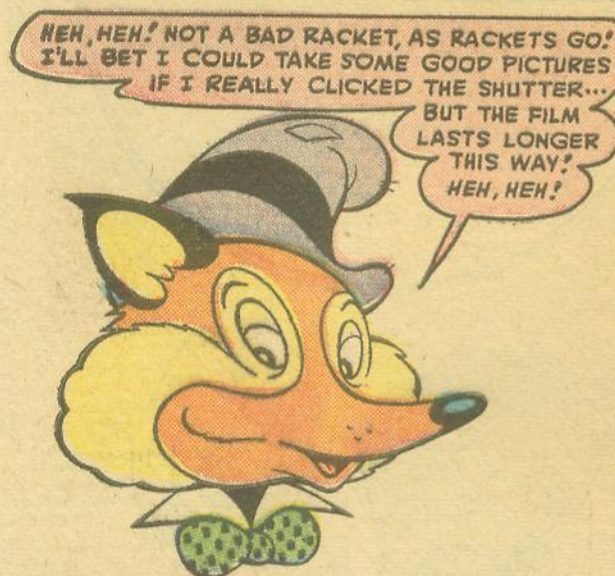
and the
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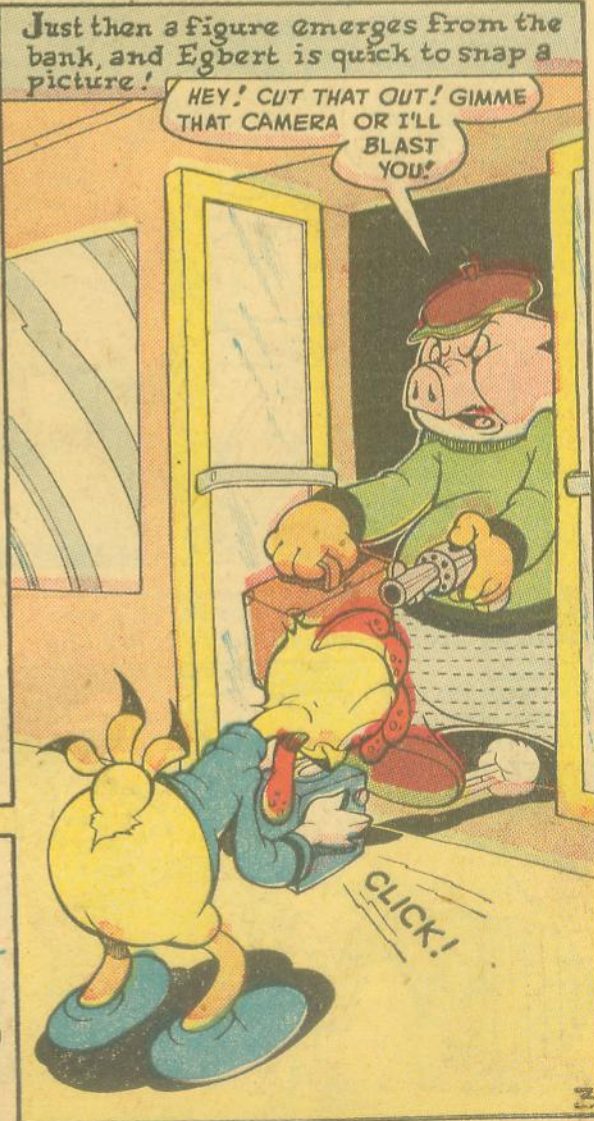
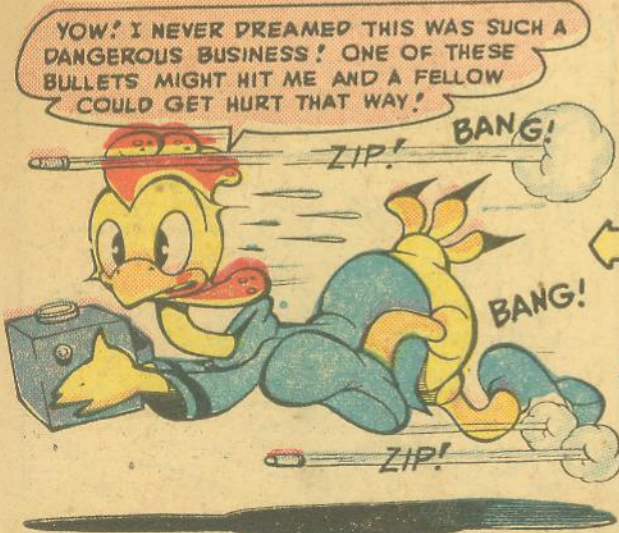
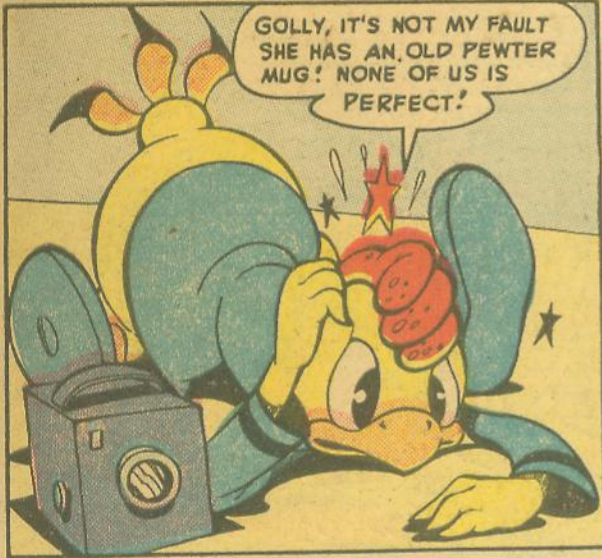
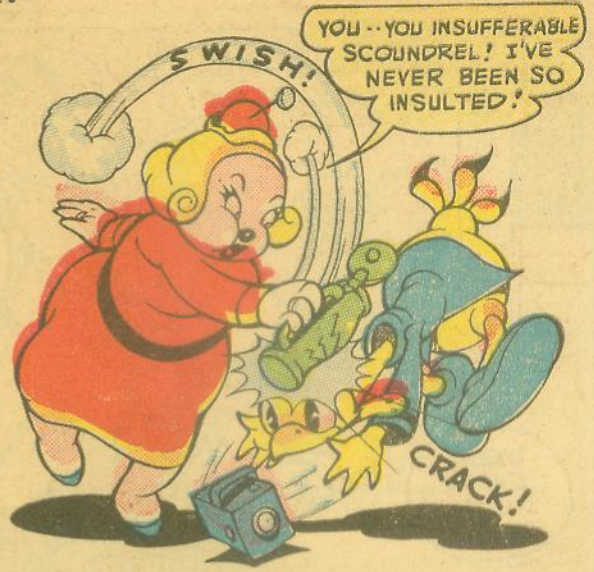
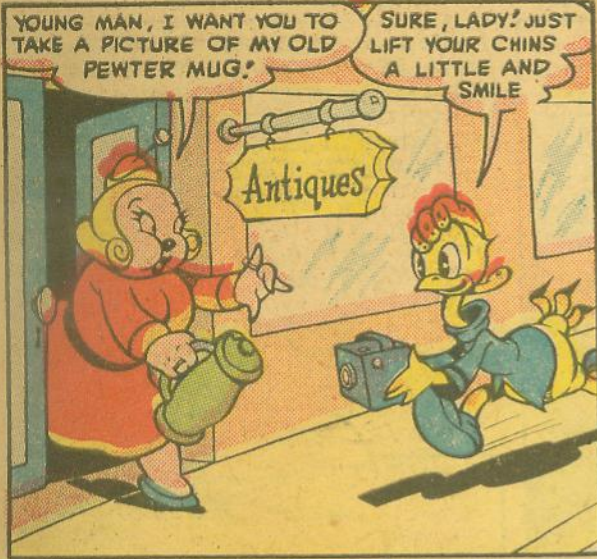
A CHILLING,
THRILLING TALE
.....*The* CASE OF
THE FUNNY
PHOTOGRAPHERS!

Read on and see
what develops!

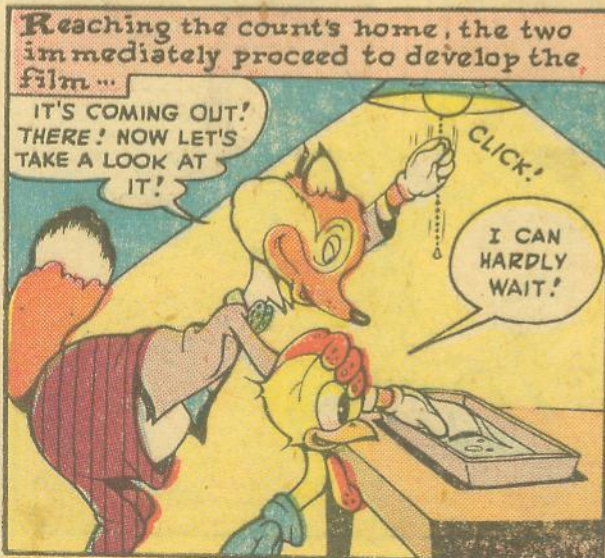
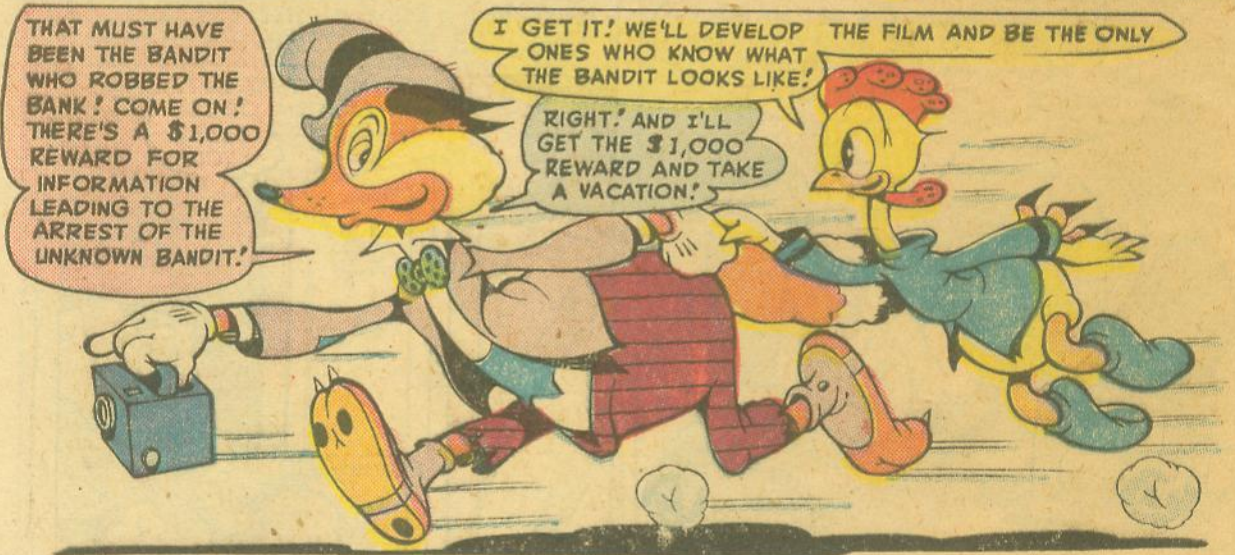
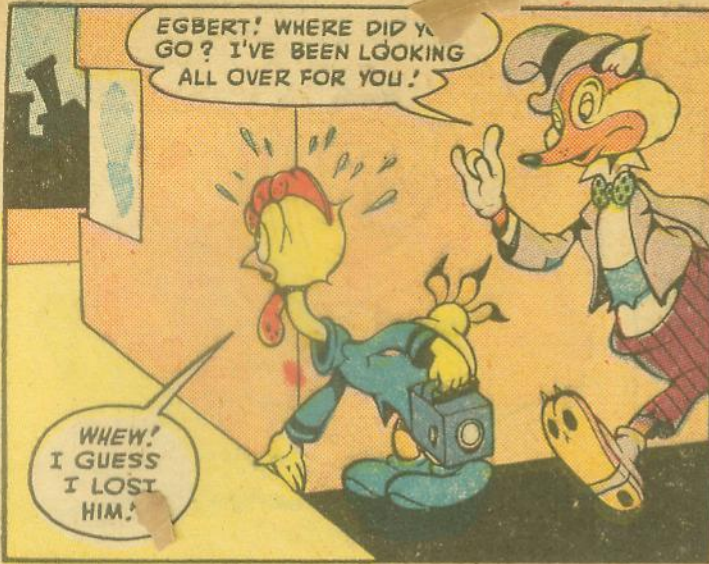


by HART





EGBERT



YOU DOPE! YOU HELD THE CAMERA BACKWARDS AND TOOK A PICTURE OF YOURSELF! YOU'VE ROBBERED ME OF \$1,000! I COULD HAVE QUIT WORK AND HAD A NICE LONG REST!

IT'S A GOOD LIKENESS, HUH?

ROBBED! HMM! IF I TURNED YOU IN AS THE BANK ROBBER, WITH THIS PHOTOGRAPH AS EVIDENCE, I'D STILL GET THE \$1,000, HAVE A GOOD, LONG REST, AND NO ONE WOULD BE ABLE TO PROVE YOU WEREN'T THE BANDIT!

DON'T LOOK AT ME IN THAT TONE OF VOICE! OF COURSE, I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT... BUT I'M NOT WAITING TO FIND OUT! G'BYE!

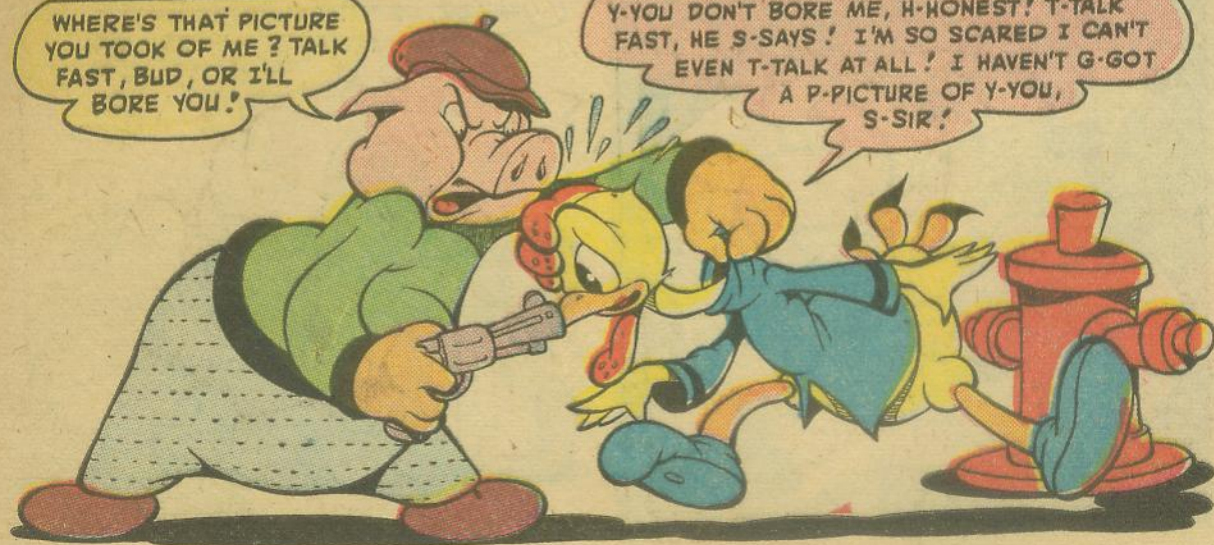
As Egbert reaches the street...

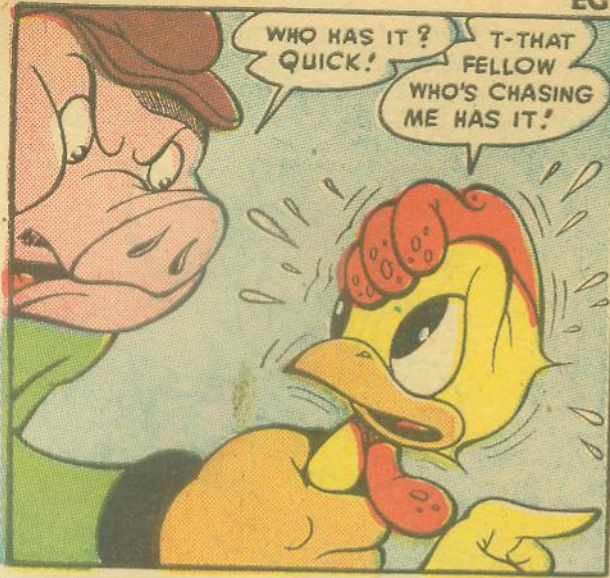
JUST A MINUTE, CHUM!

YOW! THE BANK BANDIT!

WHERE'S THAT PICTURE YOU TOOK OF ME? TALK FAST, BUD, OR I'LL BORE YOU!

Y-YOU DON'T BORE ME, H-HONEST! T-TALK FAST, HE S-SAYS! I'M SO SCARED I CAN'T EVEN T-TALK AT ALL! I HAVEN'T G-GOT A P-PICTURE OF Y-YOU, S-SIR!

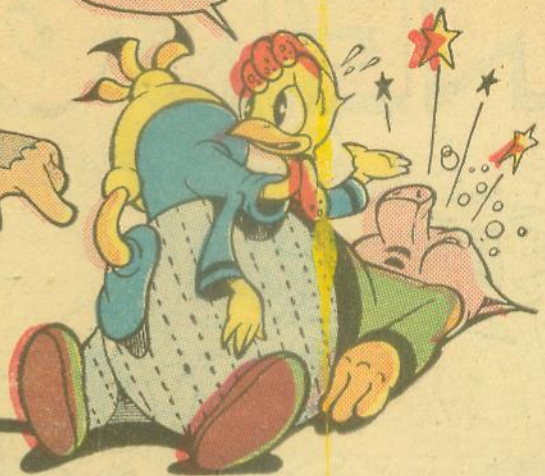




NICE WORK, SON! THIS IS BARNEY BACON, THE BANK BANDIT! WE FOUND HIS FINGERPRINTS ALL OVER THE BANK!



YOU DID? HE IS? WHAT WAS IT, A PIGGY BANK?



YOU'LL GET THE \$ 1,000 REWARD FOR THIS PIECE OF WORK!



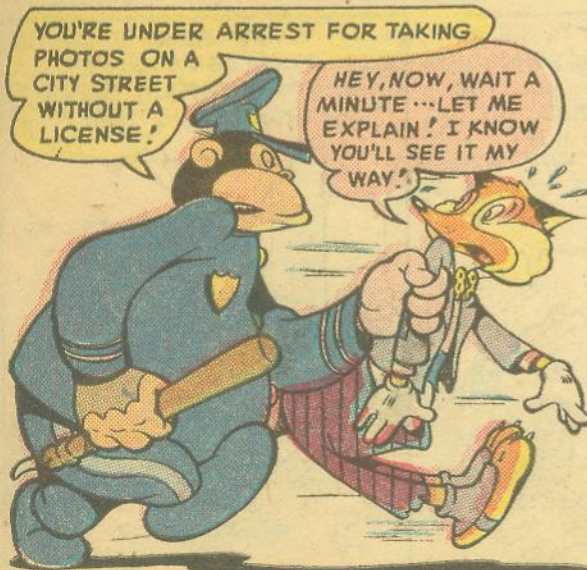
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! IT WAS MY CAMERA! I WAS SNAPPING PEOPLE ON THE STREET AND...

I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU ADMIT THAT!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR TAKING PHOTOS ON A CITY STREET WITHOUT A LICENSE!

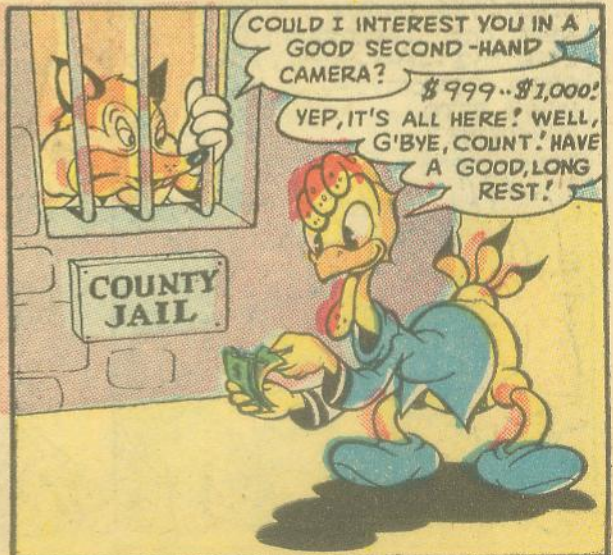
HEY, NOW, WAIT A MINUTE... LET ME EXPLAIN! I KNOW YOU'LL SEE IT MY WAY!



COULD I INTEREST YOU IN A GOOD SECOND-HAND CAMERA?

\$ 999..\$ 1,000!

YEP, IT'S ALL HERE! WELL, G'BYE, COUNT! HAVE A GOOD, LONG REST!



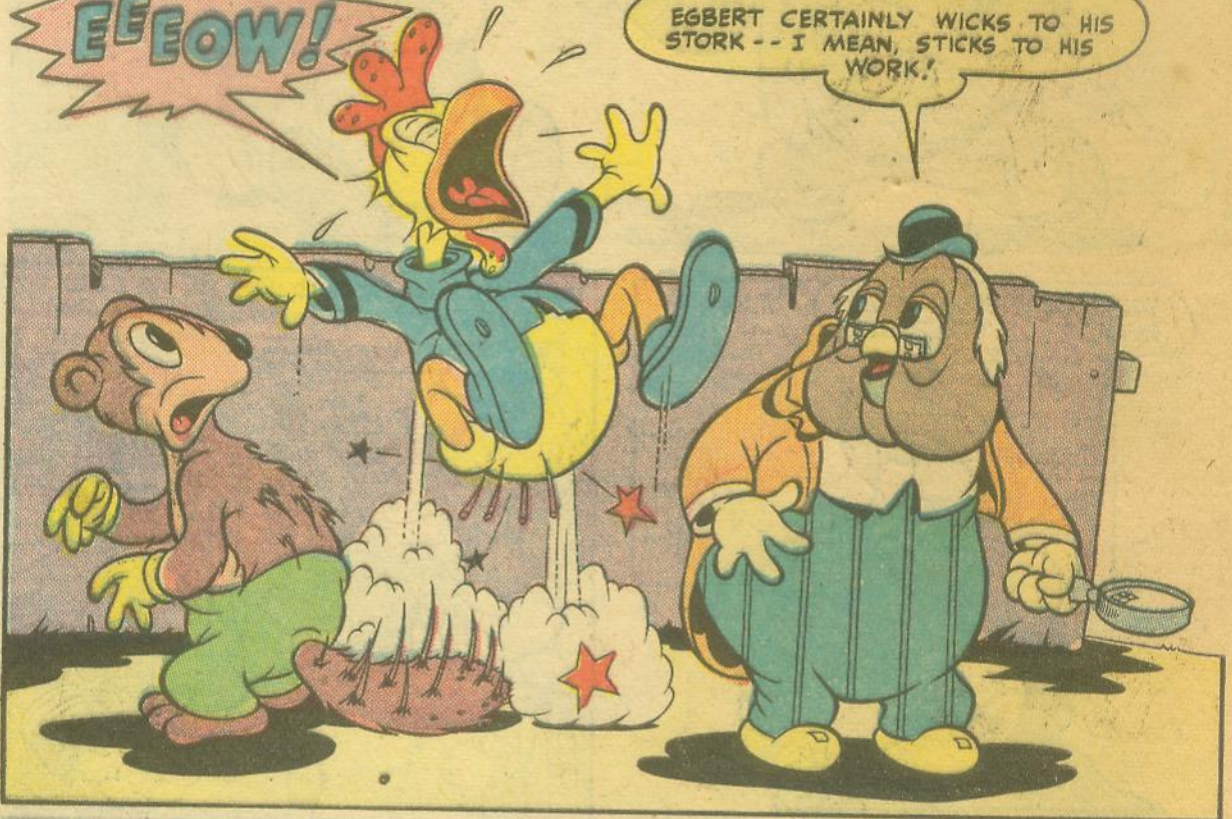
EGBERT

NERO OWL

The Great Detective

EEOW!

EGBERT CERTAINLY WICKS TO HIS STORK -- I MEAN, STICKS TO HIS WORK!

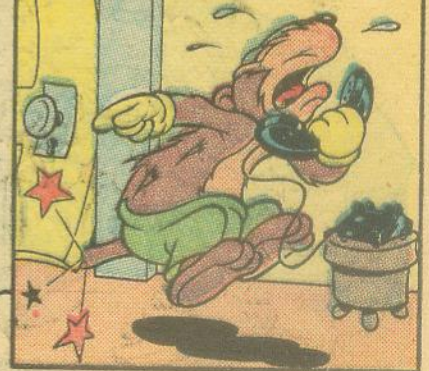


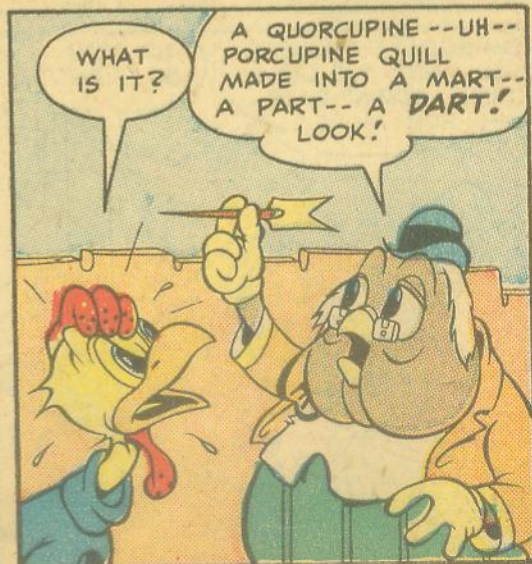
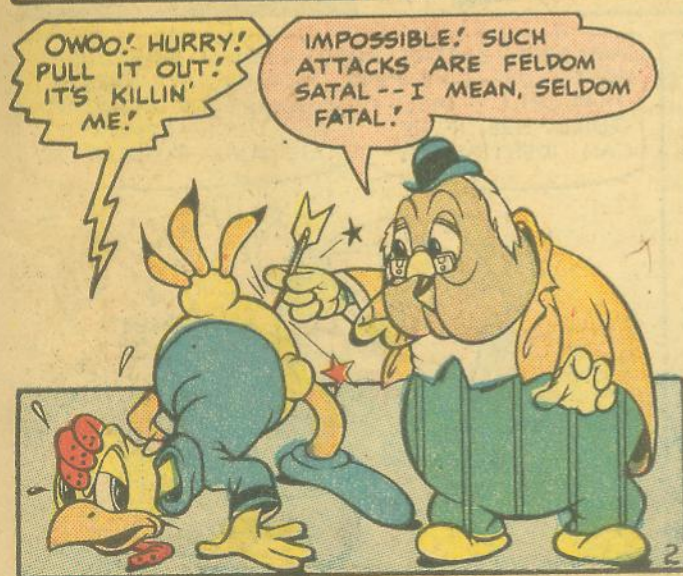
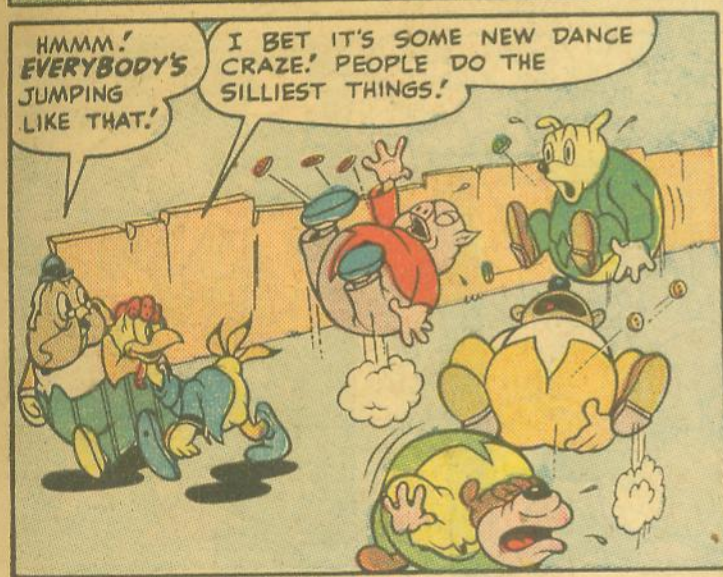
HELLO! YES, THIS IS NERO OWL, THE DREAT GEFEKTIVE -- ER -- THE GREAT DETECTIVE -- WHO? PETE PORCUPINE?

A CASE, I BET -- I HOPE -- AND WE NEED ONE!

YOU GOTTA HELP ME, NERO! SOMEBODY'S STEALING ALL THE QUILLS OUTA MY TAIL! --- HUH? CAN'T I SEE WHO IT IS? OF COURSE NOT ---

-- HE'S DOIN' IT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR! OWOO, THERE GOES ANOTHER!





EGBERT

KEEP IT, EGBERT! IT MIGHT BE A FLUE --ER-- CLUE!

I'D LIKE TO KEEP THE SMART GUY WHO STUCK IT IN ME -- KEEP HIM BOUNCING FROM MY FIST!

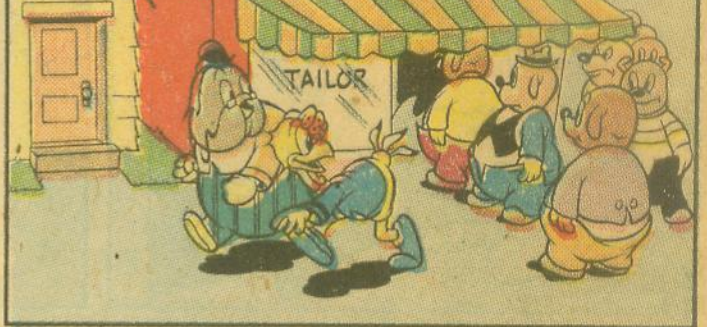


THIS CASE GROWS MORE MYSTERIOUS BY THE HOUR!

WE'VE ONLY BEEN ON IT TEN MINUTES!

BUTTONS SEWED BACK ON--5¢ EACH

TAILOR



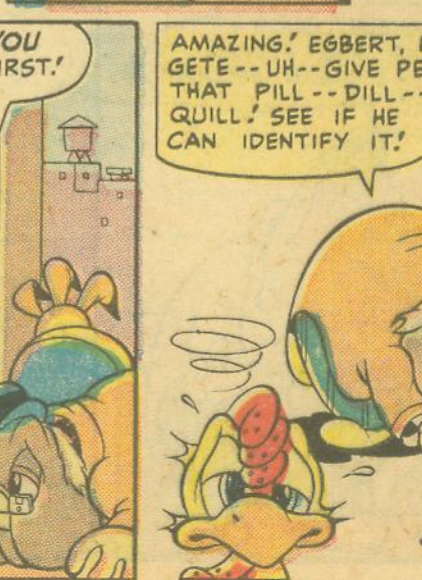
HERE'S PETE PORCUPINE'S HOUSE!

LET US ENTER!



I'LL GO FIRST!

WE'LL BOTH GO FIRST!



OMIGOSH! I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE QUILL-THIEF COMIN' BACK FOR MORE!

NO, YOU GO FIRST!

AMAZING! EGBERT, PIVE GETE--UH--GIVE PETE THAT PILL--DILL--QUILL! SEE IF HE CAN IDENTIFY IT!

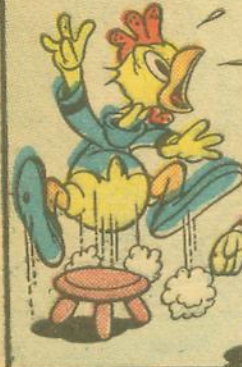
Y'SEE, I WAS JUST COMIN' IN WHEN SOMEBODY SLAMMED THE DOOR ON MY TAIL AND PLUCKED IT!

EGBERT

NOW LET'S SEE! WHERE DID I PUT THAT THING? I CAN'T REMEMBER! I'LL SIT DOWN A MINUTE AND MAYBE IT'LL COME TO ME!



EEEEOW!
IT DID!



EGBERT, DON'T BE COOLISH--UH--MULISH--UH--DON'T BE SILLY!



I PUT IT IN MY BACK POCKET!



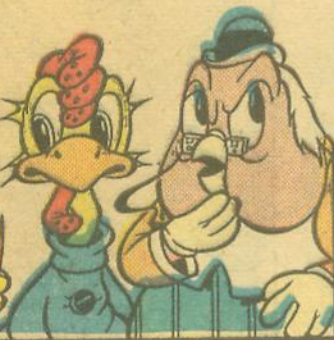
THAT'S ONE OF MINE, ALL RIGHT!



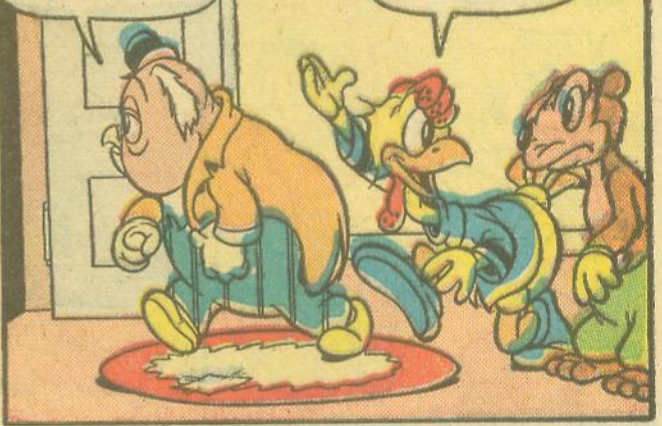
YOU MEAN SOMEBODY PLUCKED MY TAIL JUST SO HE COULD GO AROUND JABBIN' DARTS IN PEOPLE FOR FUN?



THE CULPRIT HAD A MORE PINISTER PURPOSE--UH--SINISTER PURPOSE!

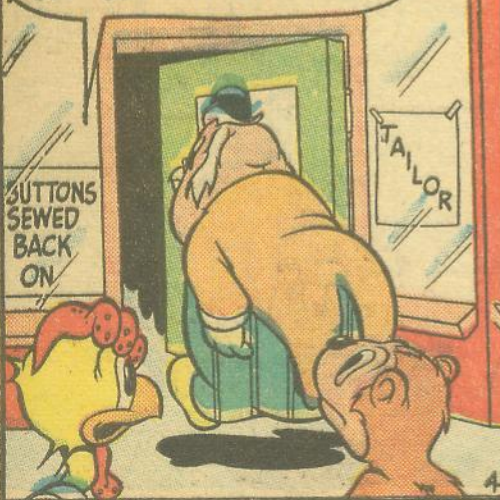


IT'S ALL VERY DEAR--ER--CLEAR TO ME NOW! COME ALONG, AND BE READY TO STAB--UH--NAB HIM!



SEE HOW NERO WORKS? HE DOESN'T EVEN STOP TO THINK BEFORE HE NAILS SOMEBODY!

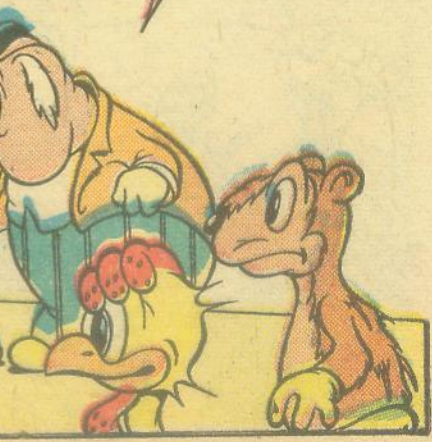
A FINE TIME TO STOP AND GET BUTTONS SEWED ON!



UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT ME, BOYS!

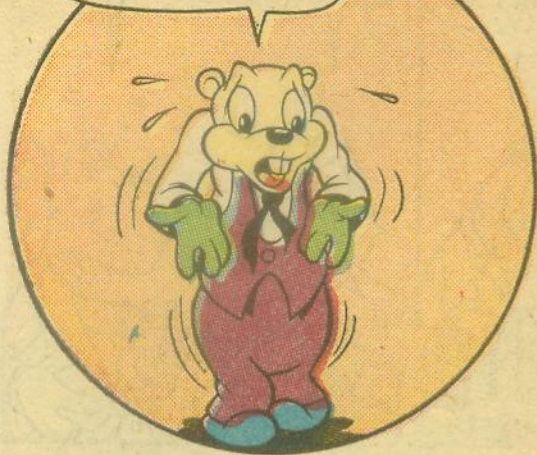


ARE YOU READY TO UNDESS--ER--CONFESS?



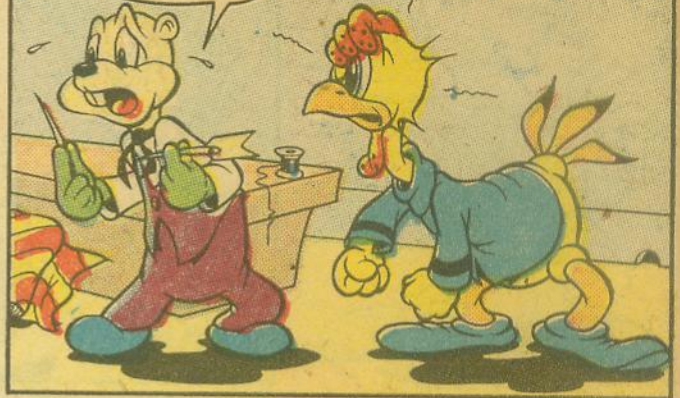
EGBERT

OKAY, I DONE IT! I SHOULDN'T HAVE, BUT I DID! BUSINESS WAS AWFUL! I HADDA PEP IT UP SOMEHOW!



I STOLE THE QUILLS TO MAKE DARTS! THEN I JABBED THE DARTS INTO FAT MEN'S PANTS SO THEY'D JUMP AND POP OFF A FEW BUTTONS!

HOW ABOUT ME? I'M NO FAT MAN!



THAT WAS A MISTAKE! I WAS AIMIN' FOR NERO BUT MY HAND SLIPPED!

HA-HA-HA! THAT'S THE SUNNIEST-- FUNNIEST---



ULP! AIMING AT ME!



YOU SCIEND--ER--FIEND! YOU FLOUNDER--I MEAN--SCOUNDREL! YOU---

NUH-NUH-NOW, TAKE IT EASY, PAL! REMEMBER YER BLOOD PRESSURE!



EEOOW!

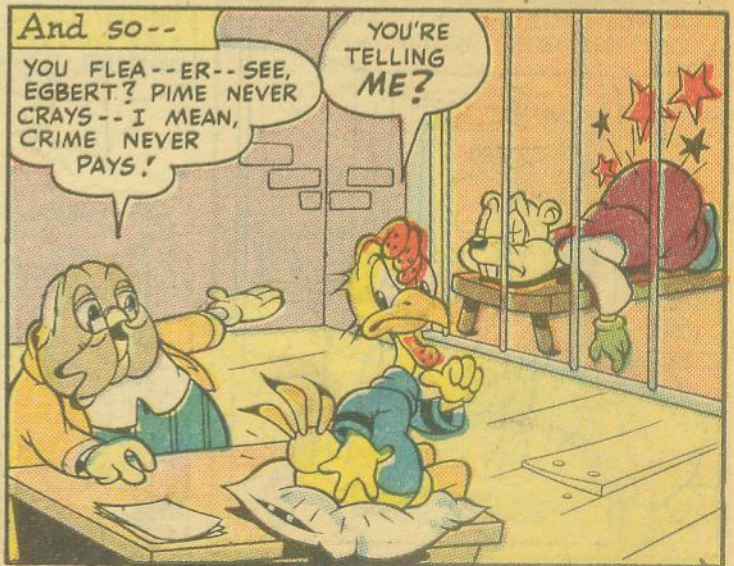
JOETIC PUSTICE--ER--POETIC JUSTICE!



And so--

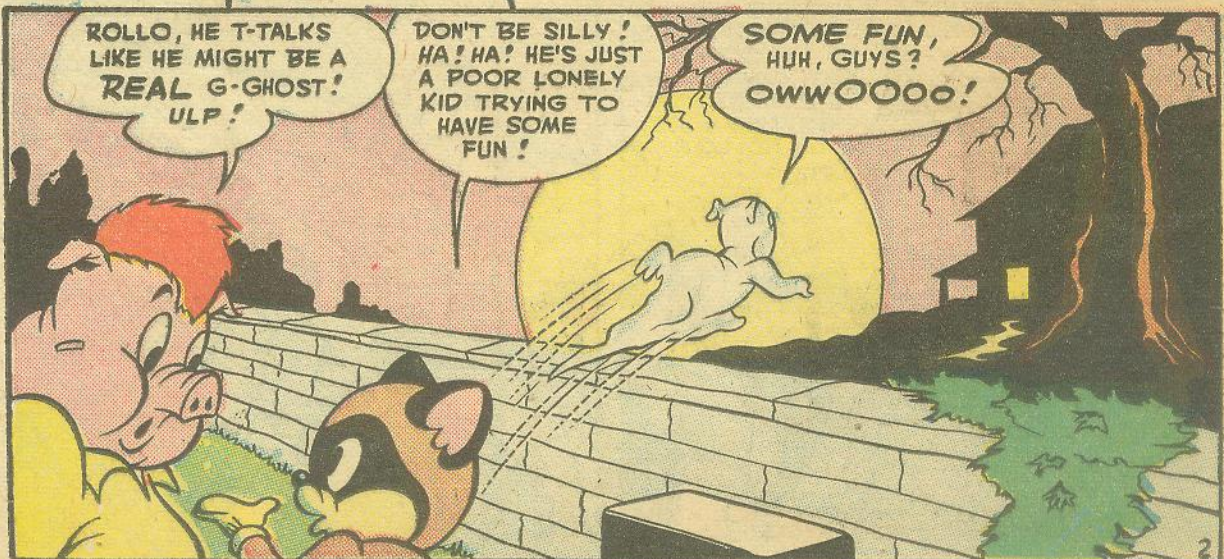
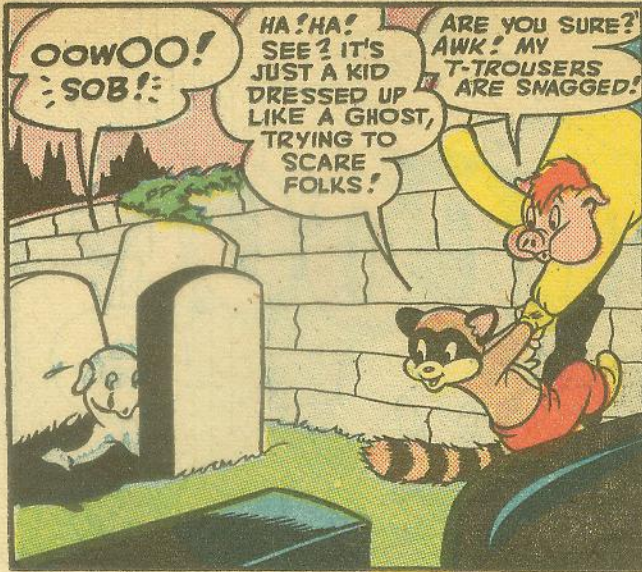
YOU FLEA--ER--SEE, EGBERT? PIME NEVER CRAYS--I MEAN, CRIME NEVER PAYS!

YOU'RE TELLING ME?

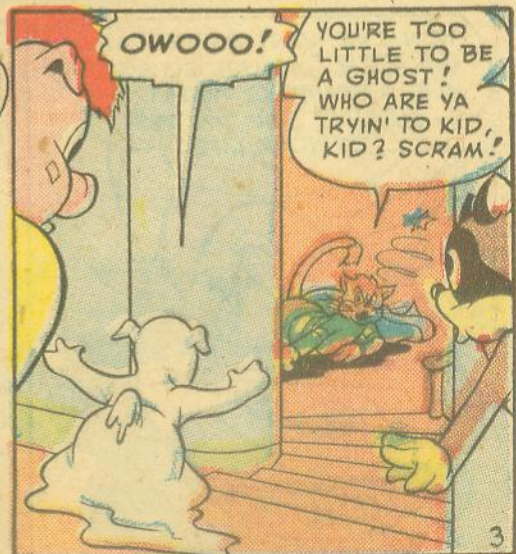
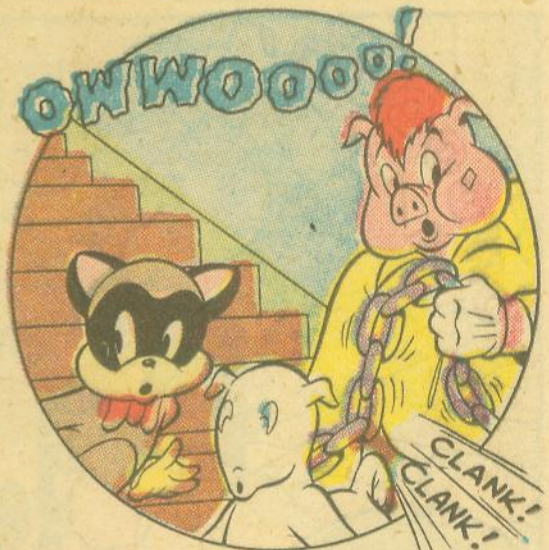
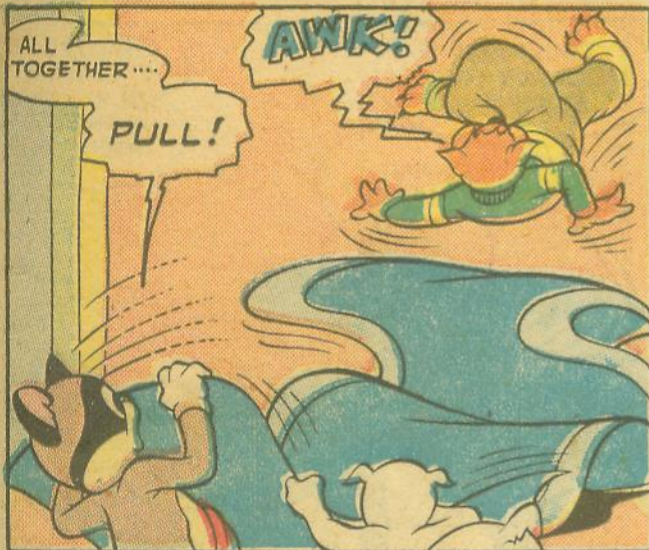


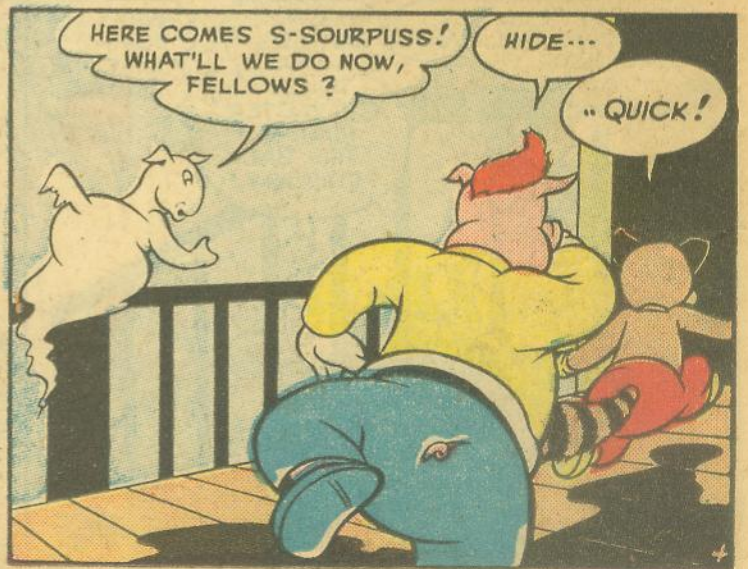
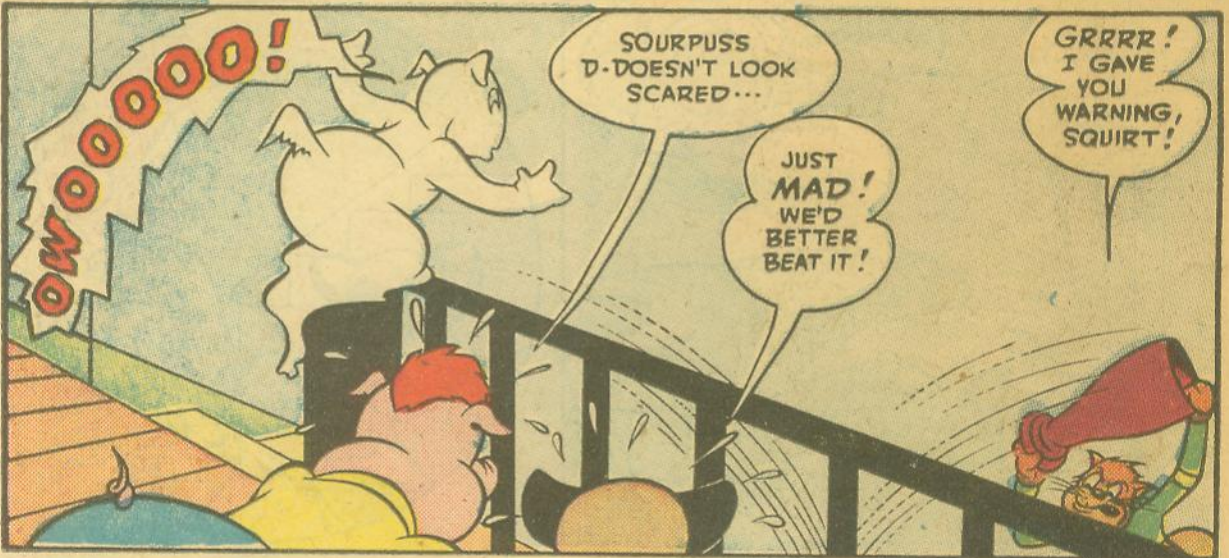
ROLLO RACCOON

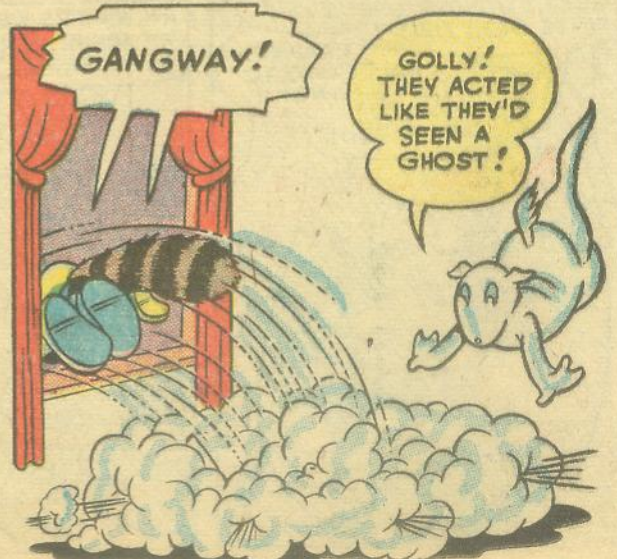
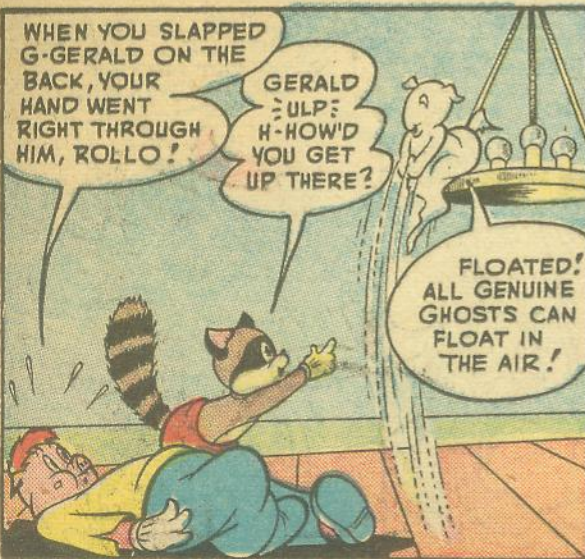




A few minutes later

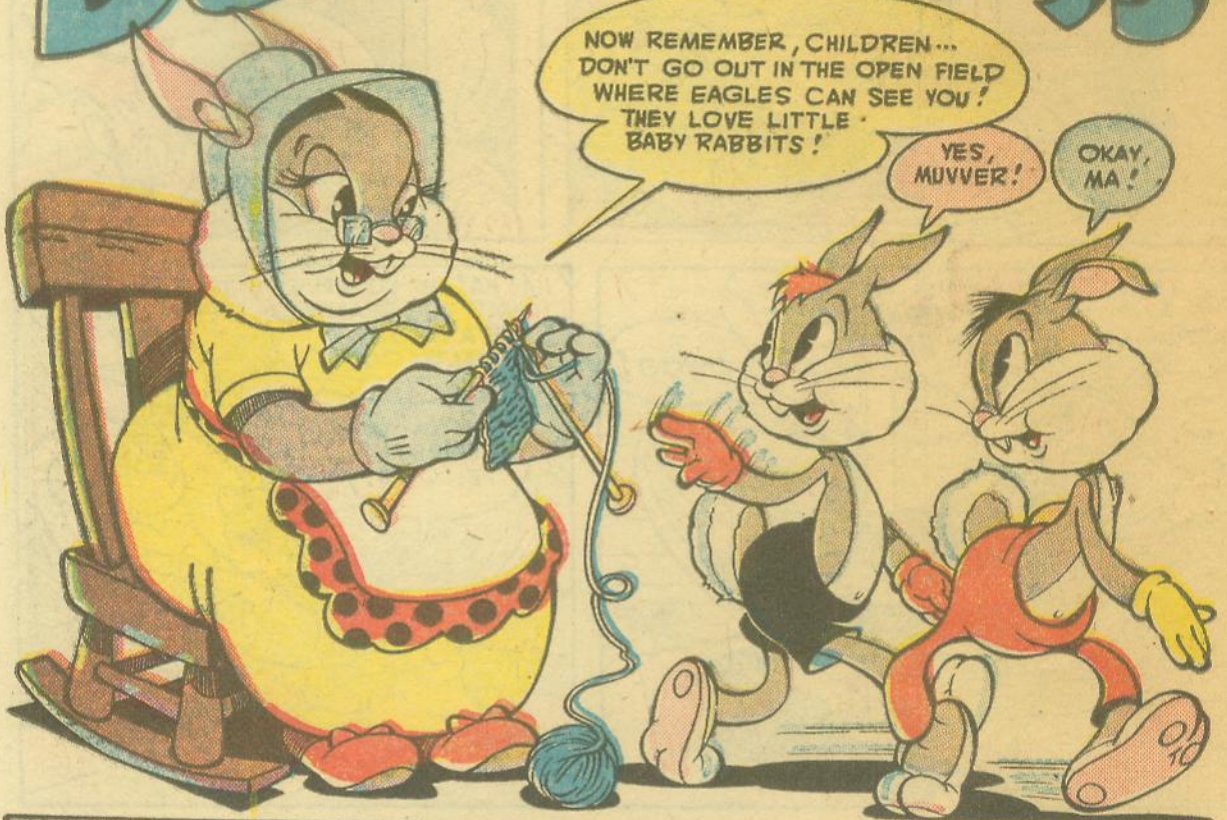






EGBERT

BUNNYHUNCH and BUZZ the BUNNY BOYS



NOW REMEMBER, CHILDREN...
DON'T GO OUT IN THE OPEN FIELD
WHERE EAGLES CAN SEE YOU!
THEY LOVE LITTLE
BABY RABBITS!

YES,
MUUVVER!

OKAY,
MA!

GOSH, I WONDER WHAT'S OUT
IN THE OPEN FIELD!

I DUNNO...

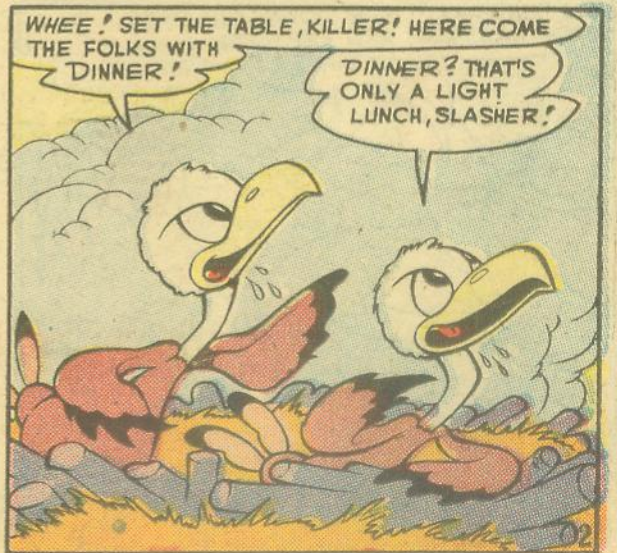
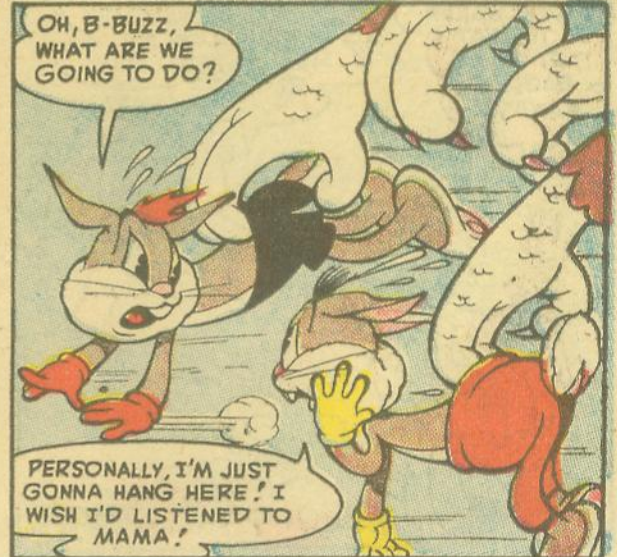
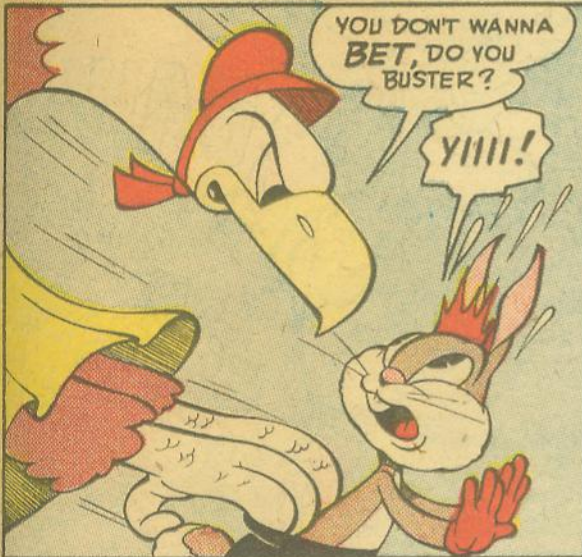
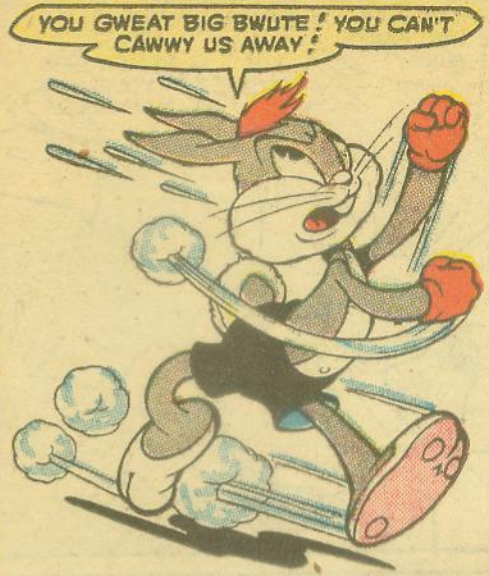
I AIN'T GOING TO
FIND OUT! BRR--NOT IF
EAGLES LOVE
BABY WABBITS!

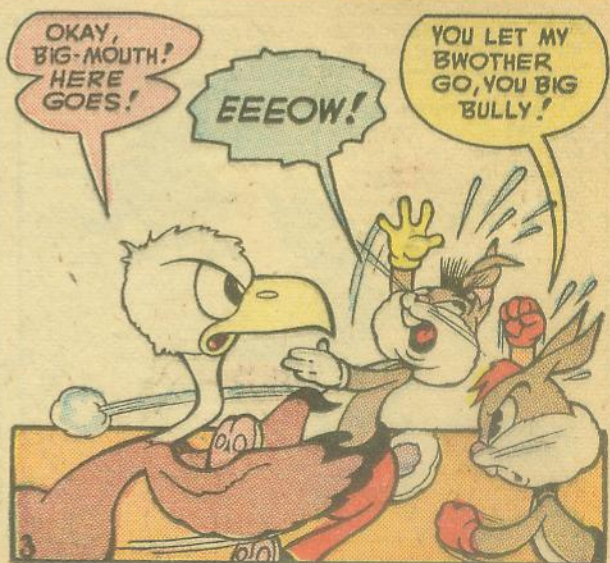
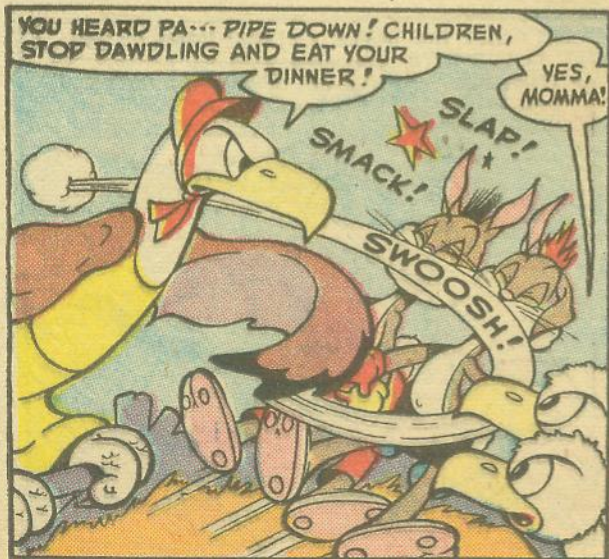
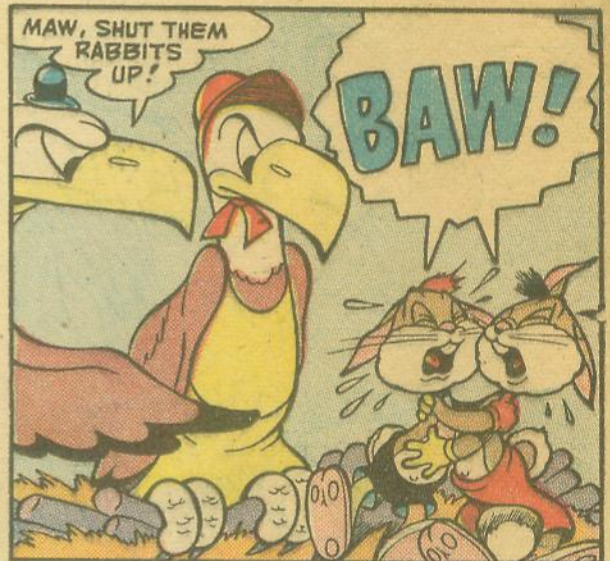
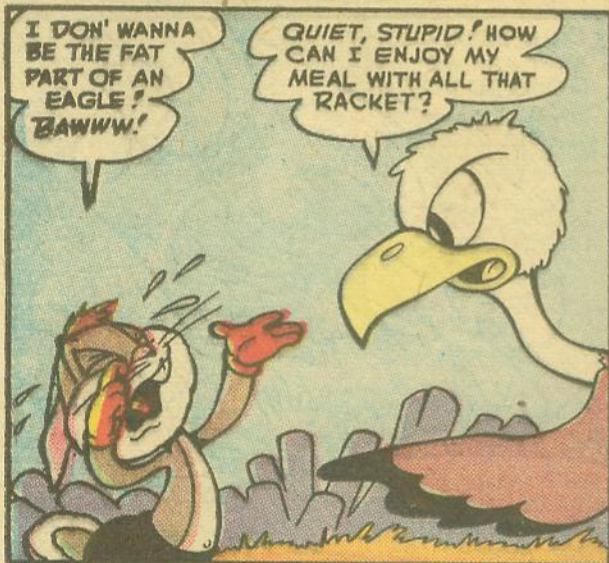
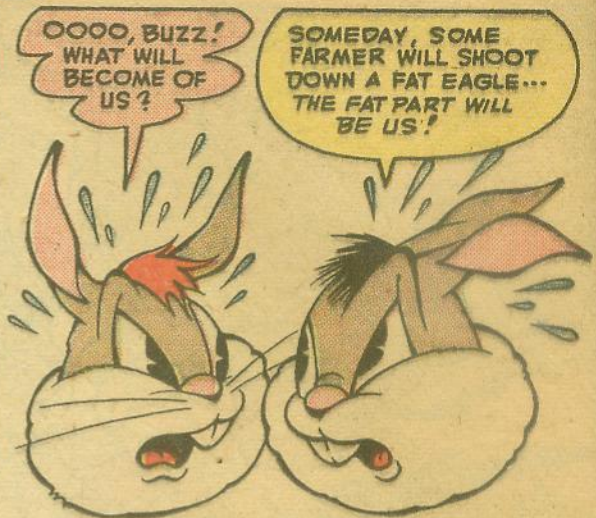
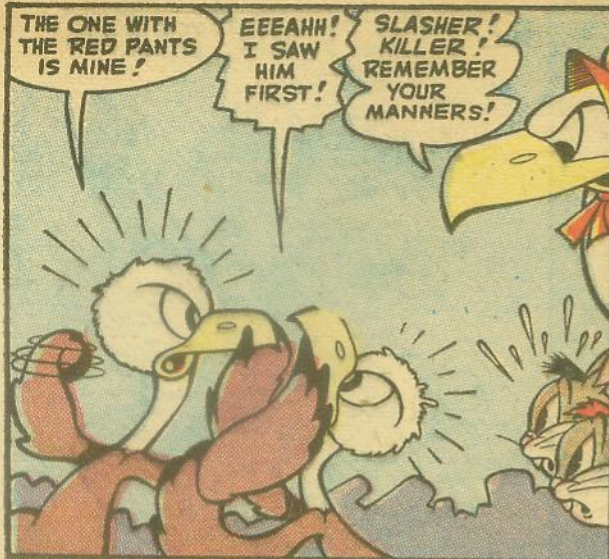
AW, WHAT'RE WE SCARED OF, HUNCH?
WE AREN'T **BABY RABBITS!**
WE'RE GROWN UP BUNNY BOYS!

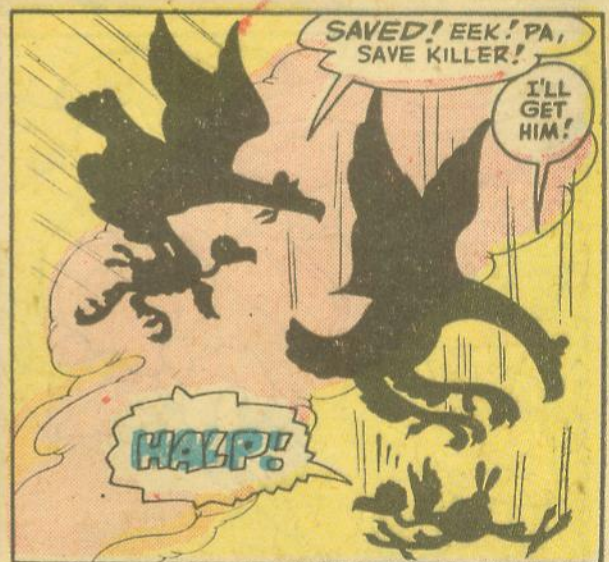
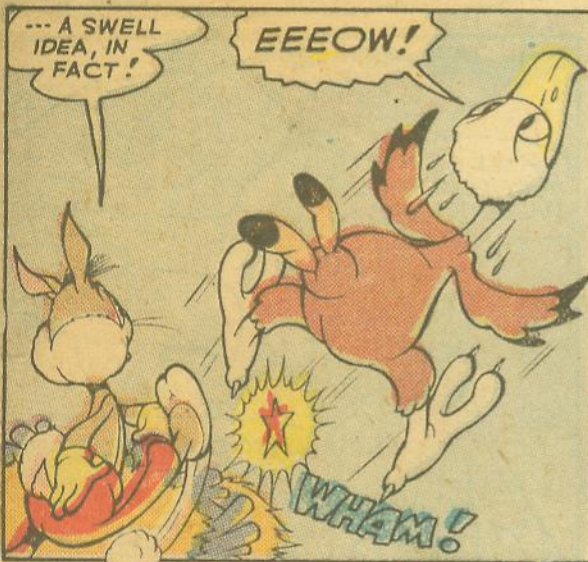
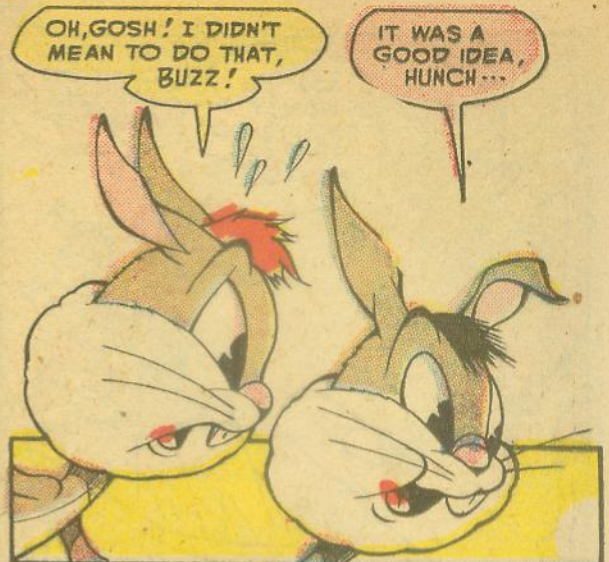
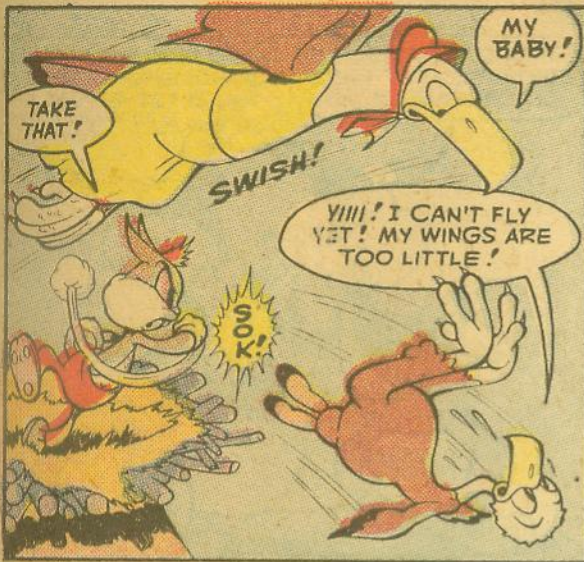
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
SCARED OF, BUT
I'M SCARED
OF EAGLES!

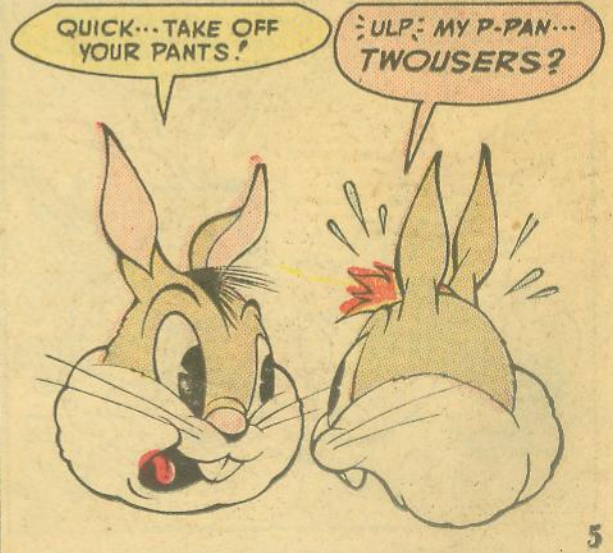
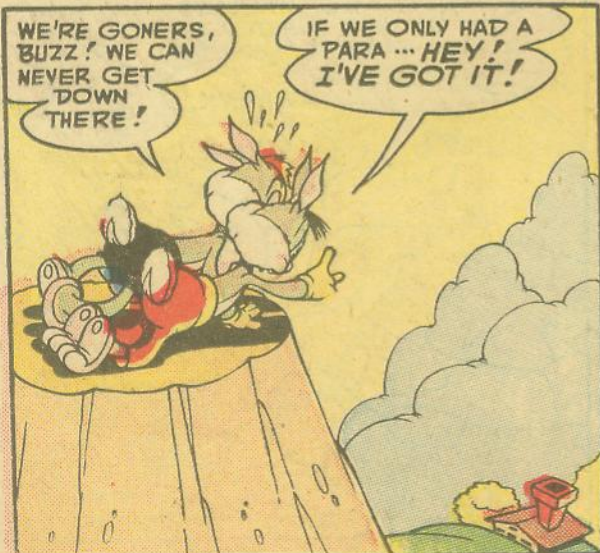
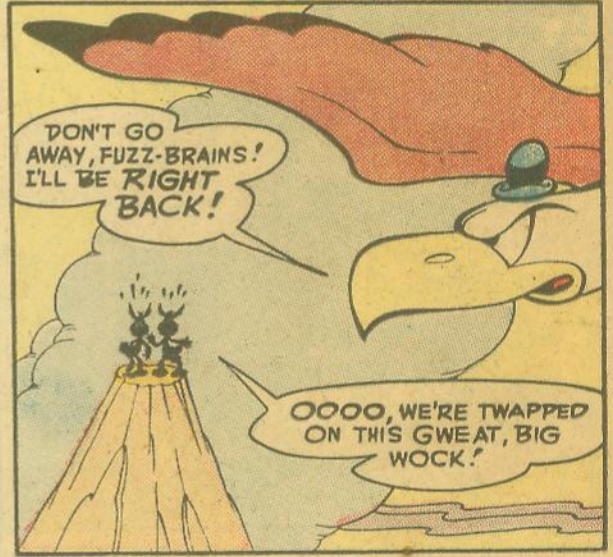
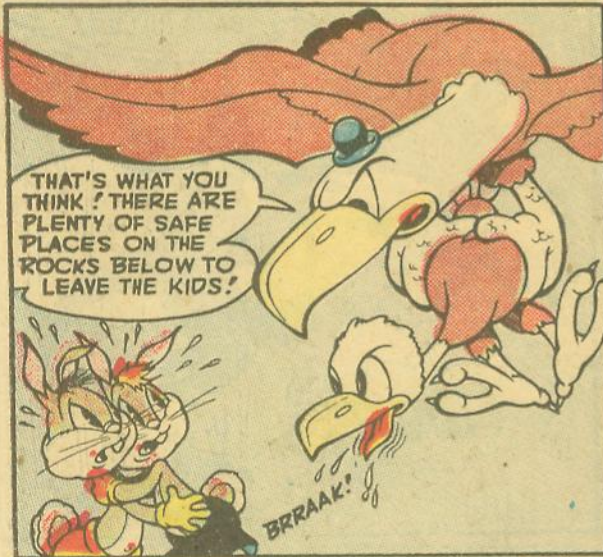
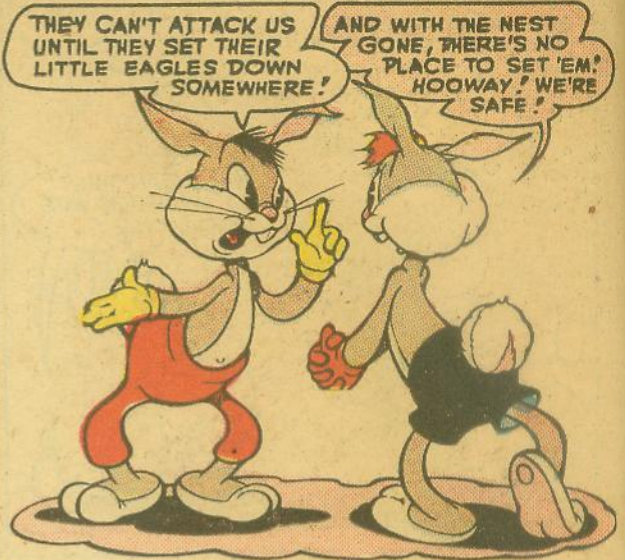
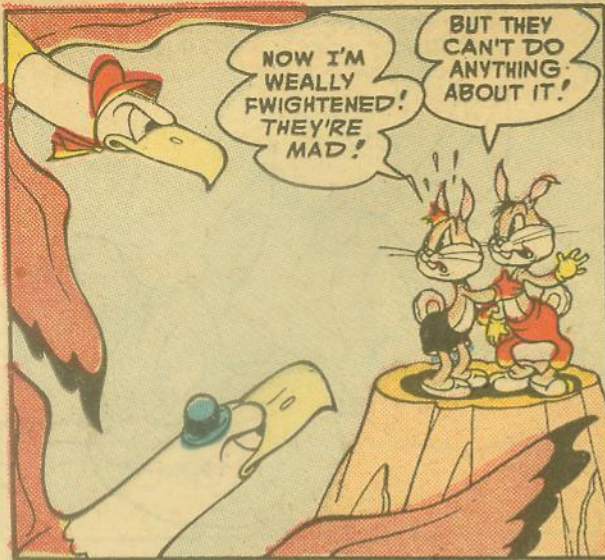
HA, HA! I'D LIKE TO SEE
ANY BIRD GRAB ME! I'M
GOING OUT INTO THE
OPEN FIELD!

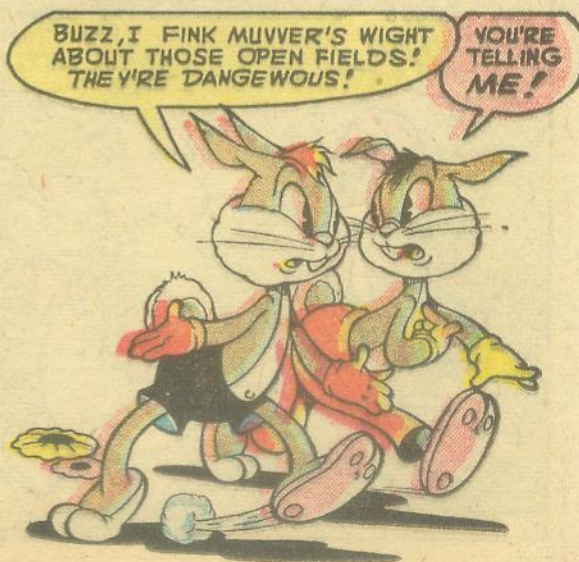
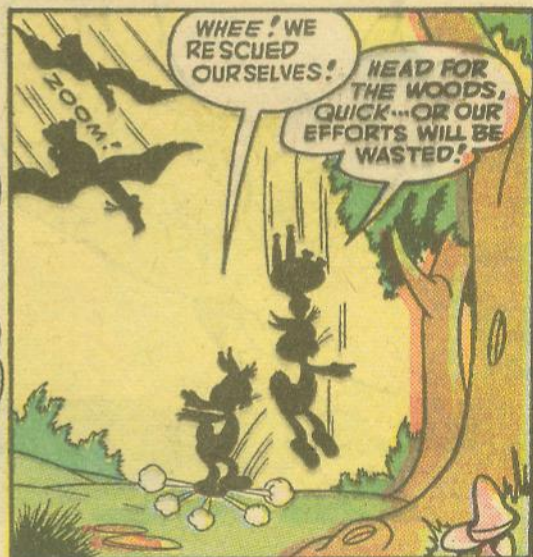
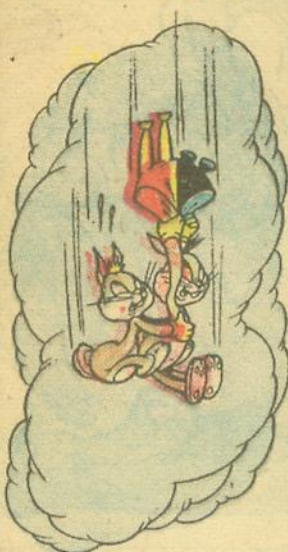
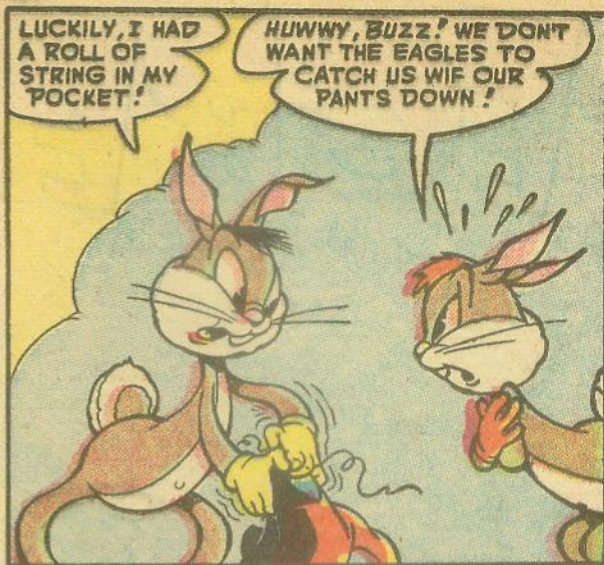








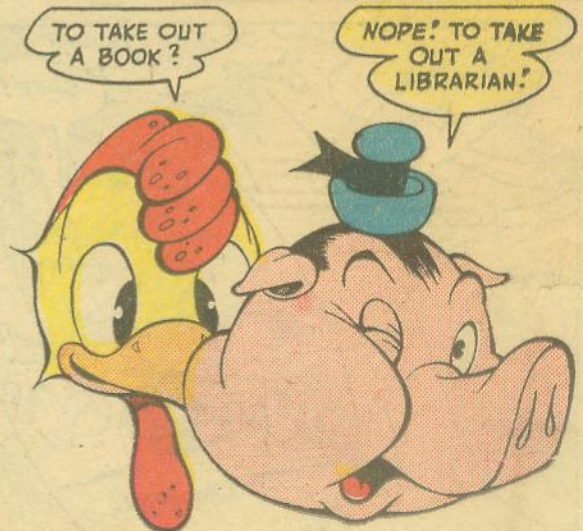
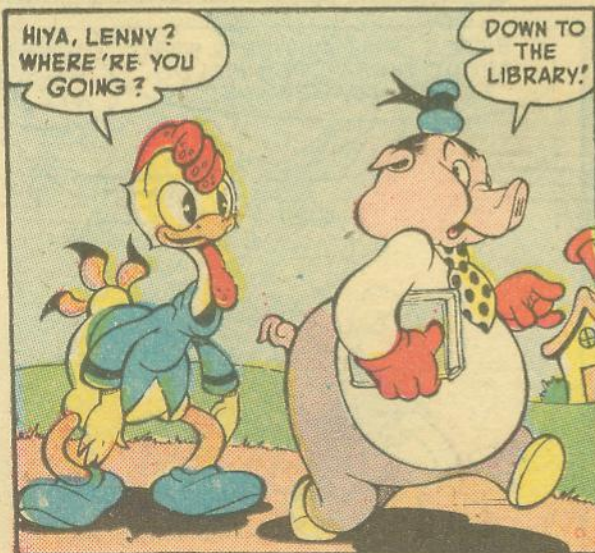
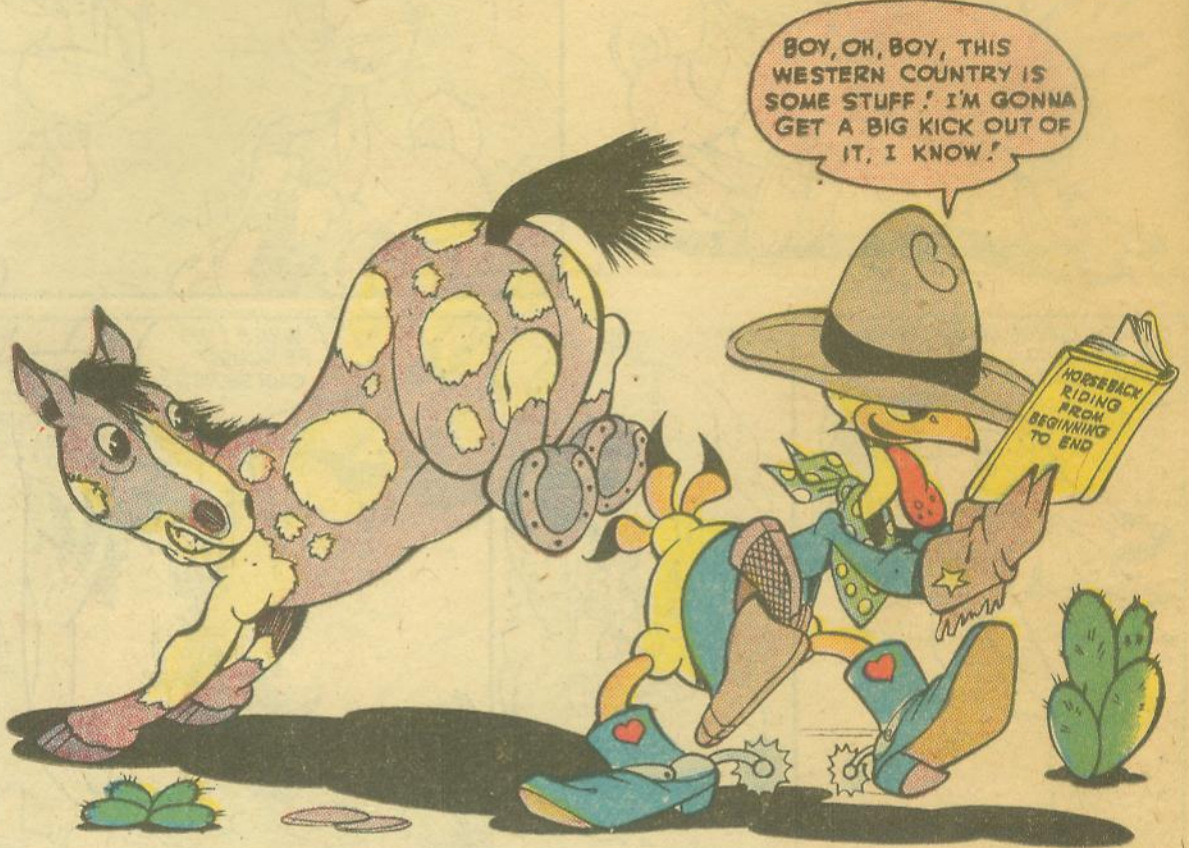


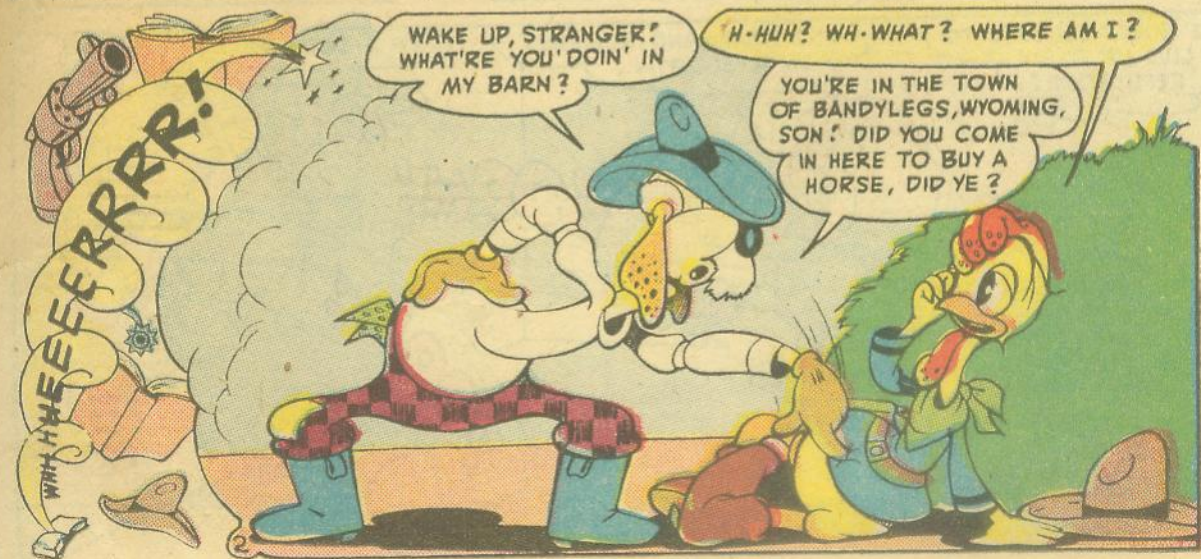
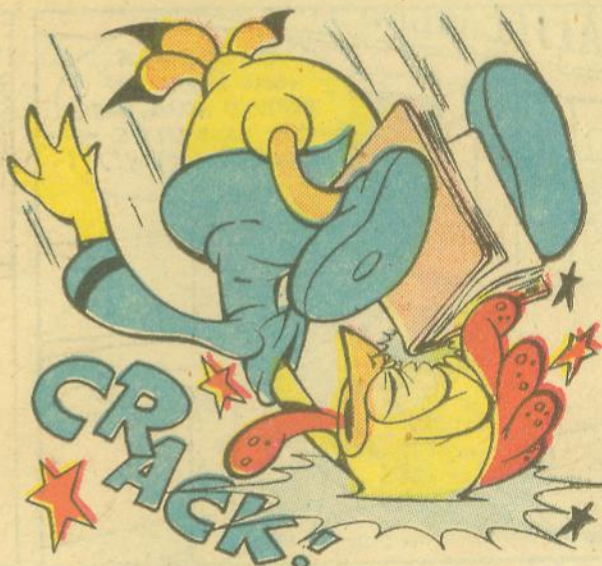
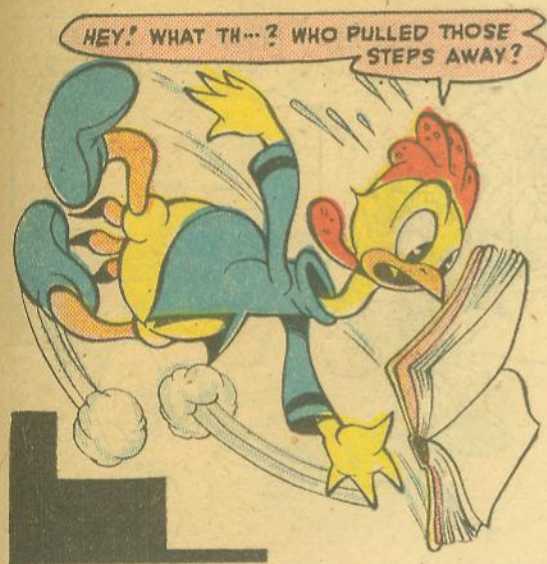
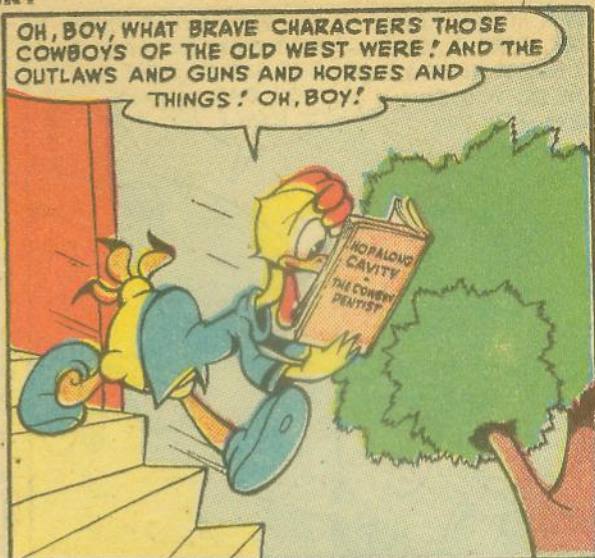


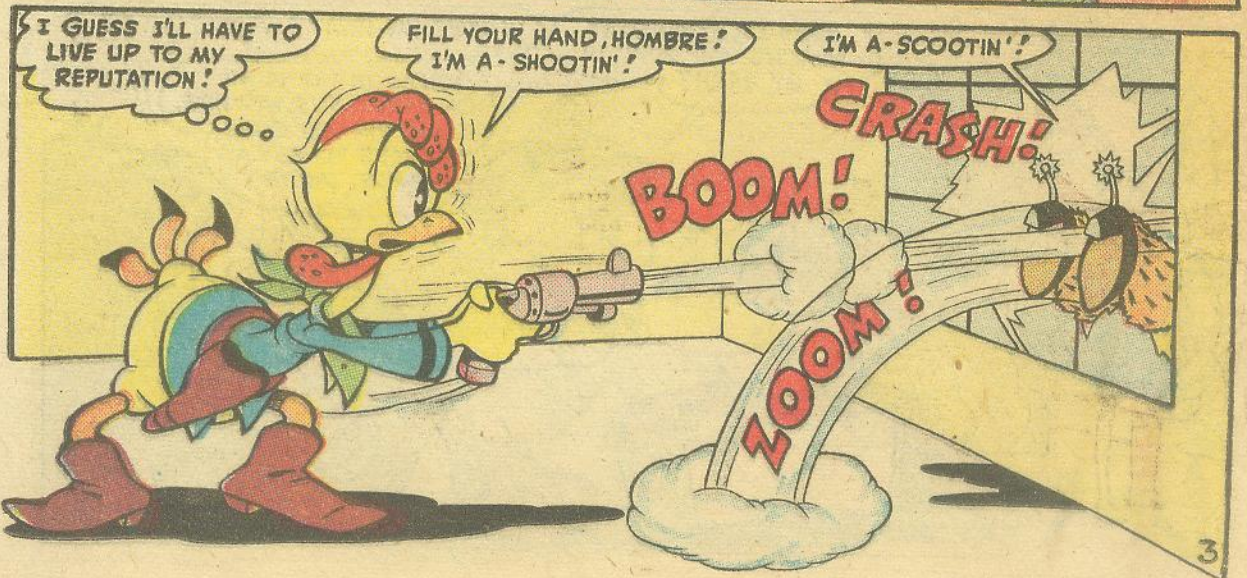
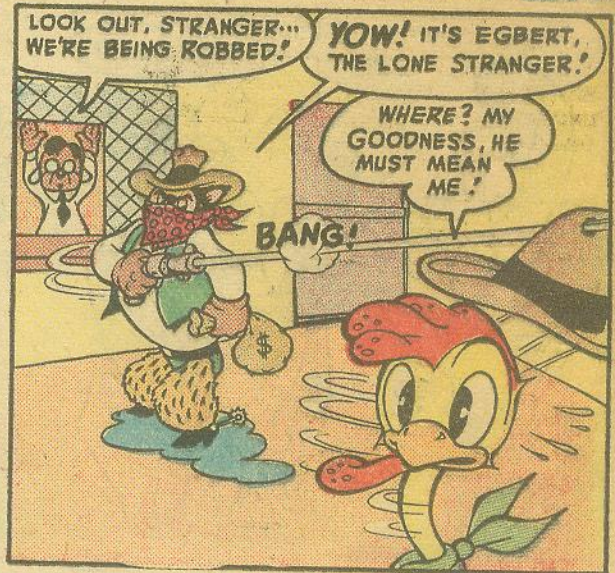
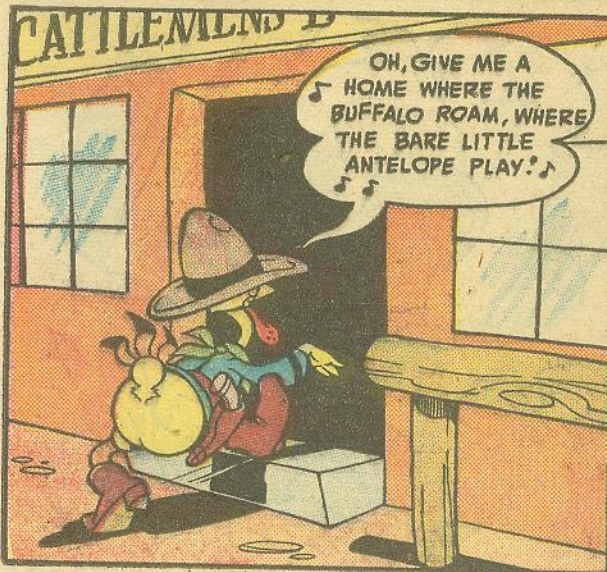
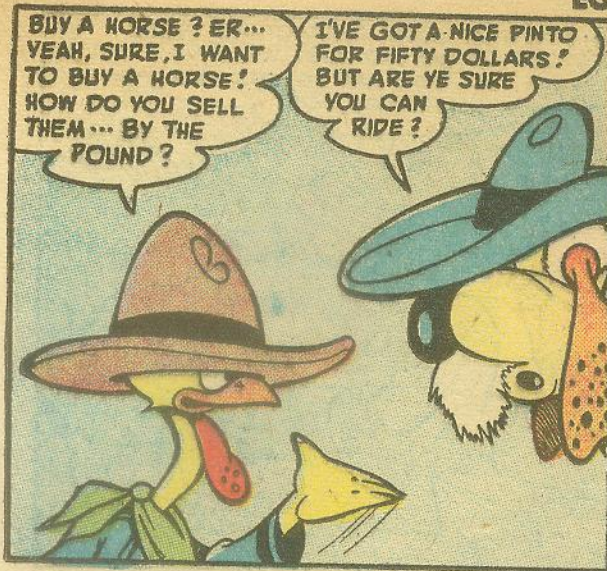
EGBERT

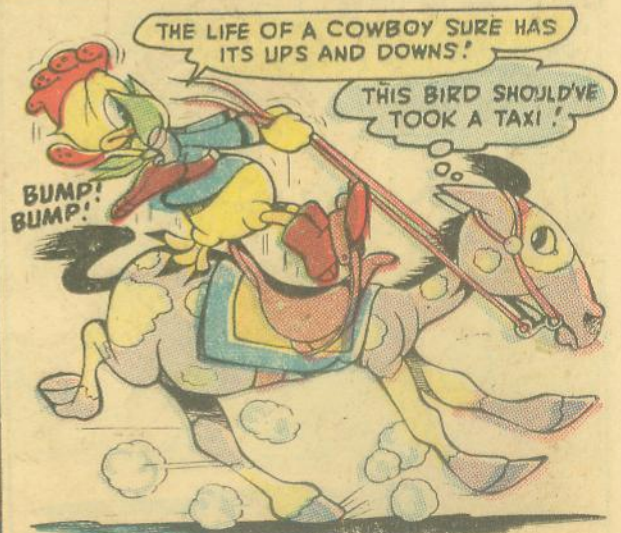
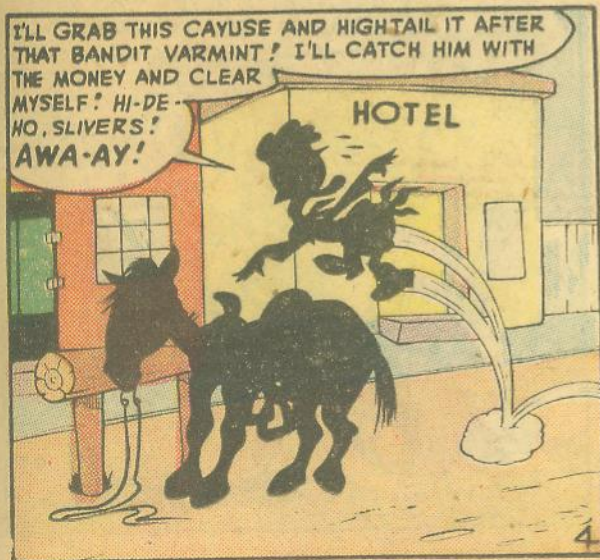
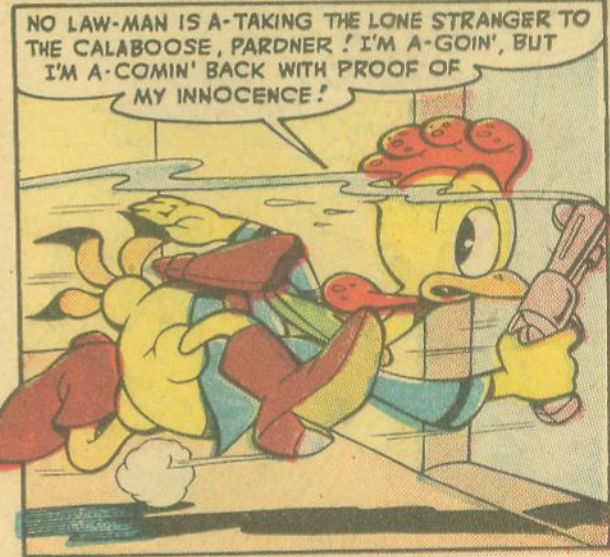
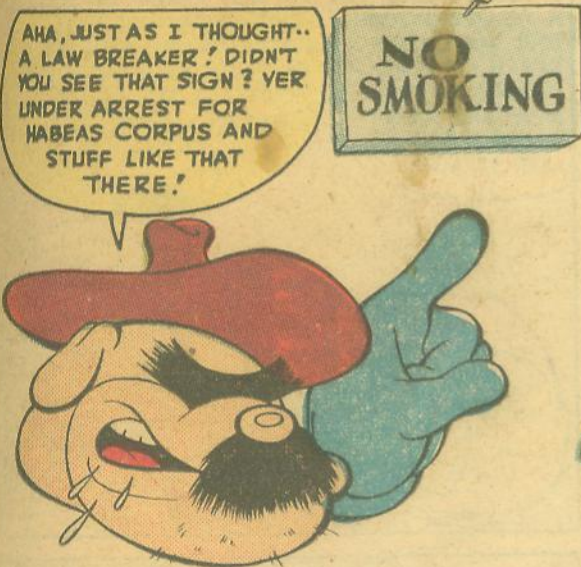
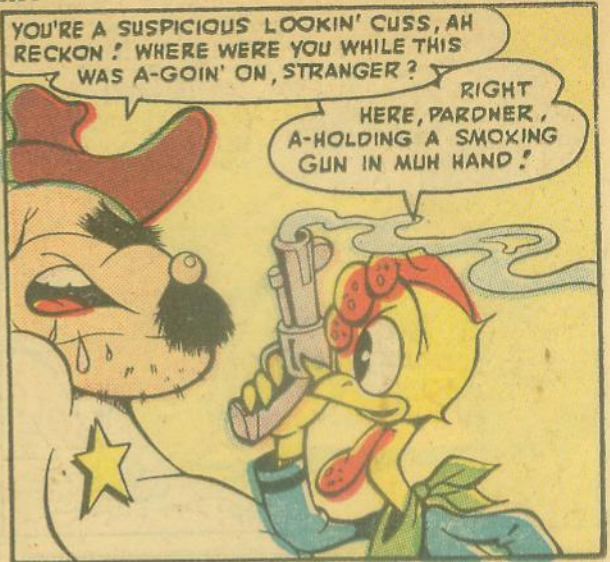
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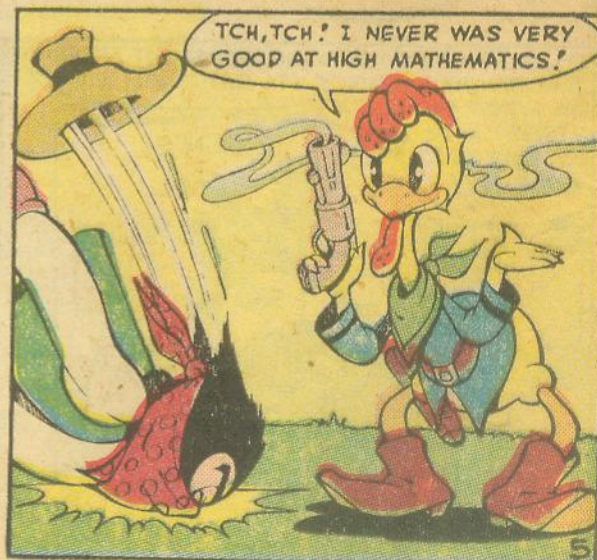
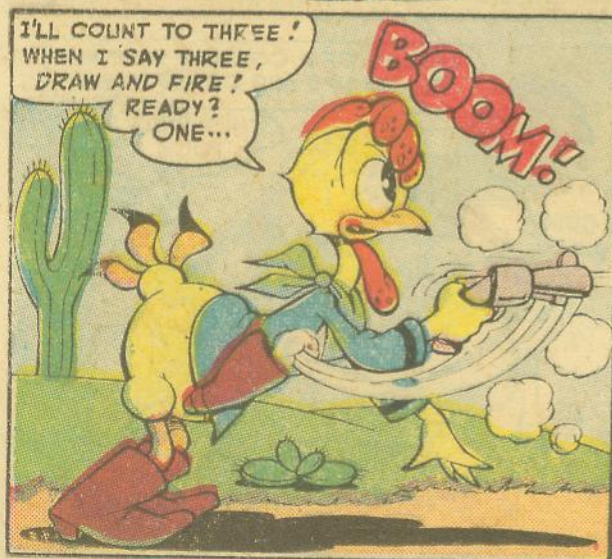
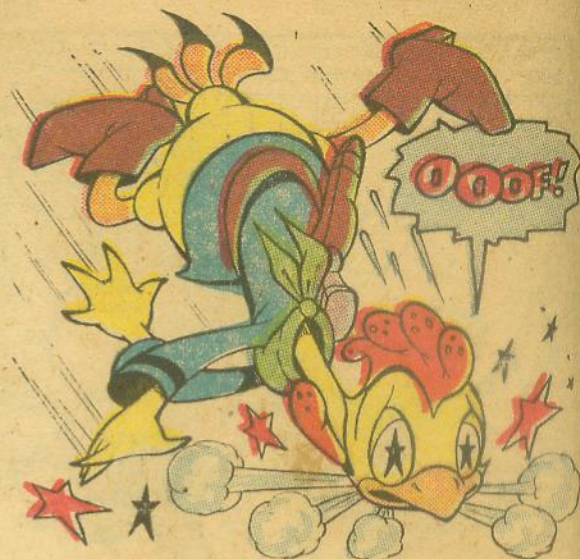
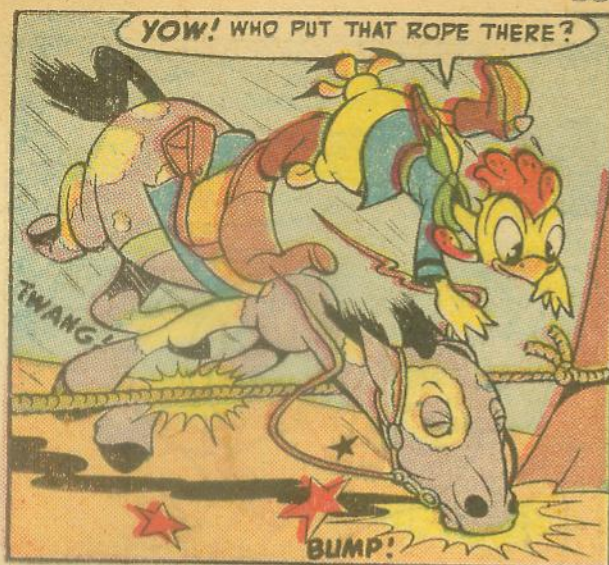
in
**WESTWARD
HO-HO!**

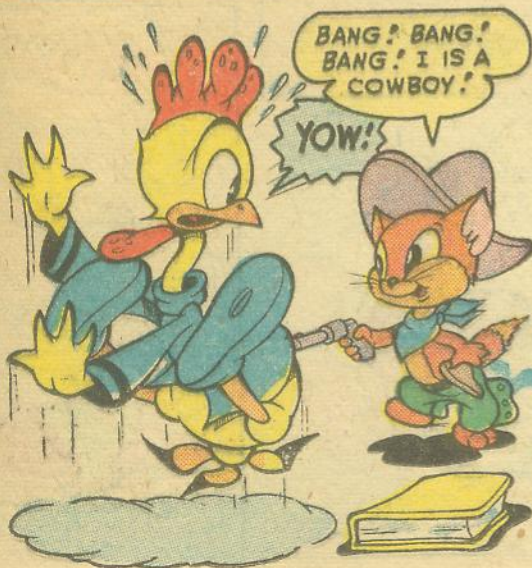
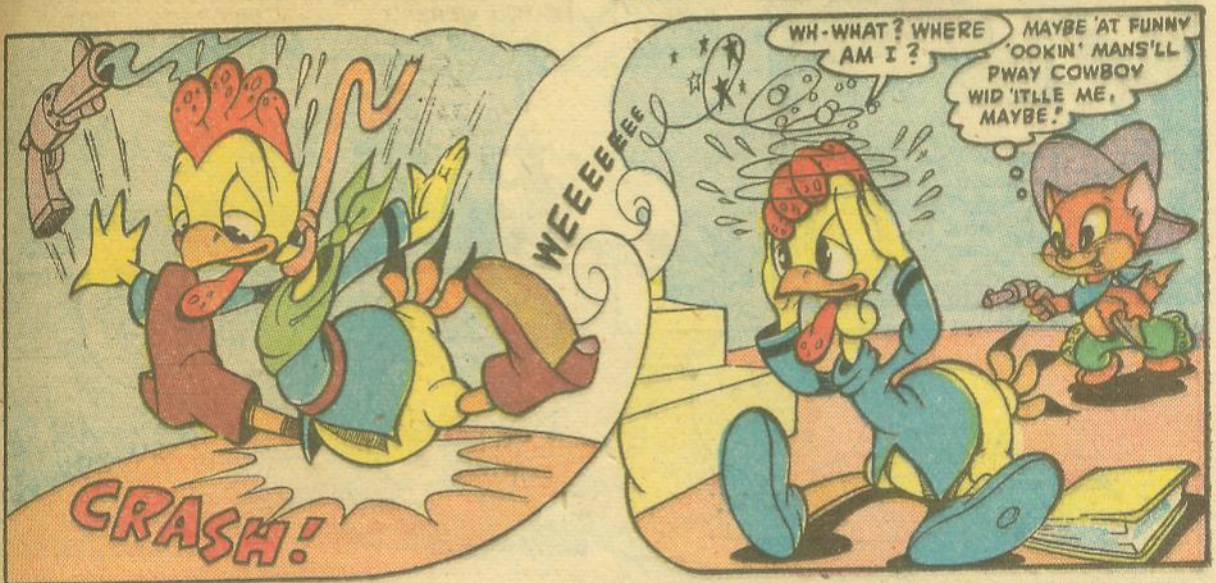
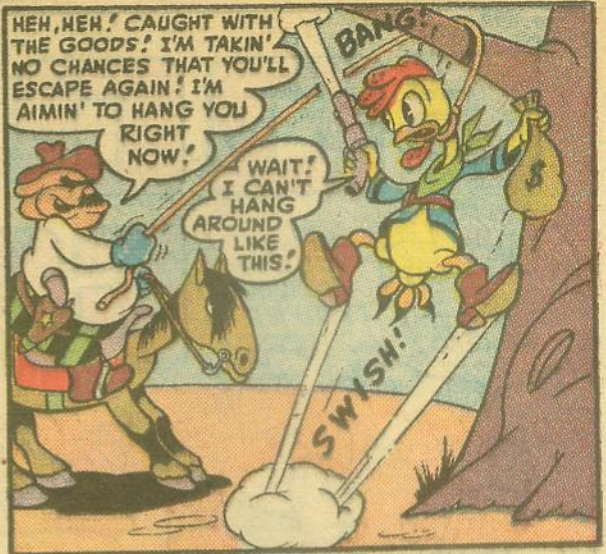












FOOLISH FABLES

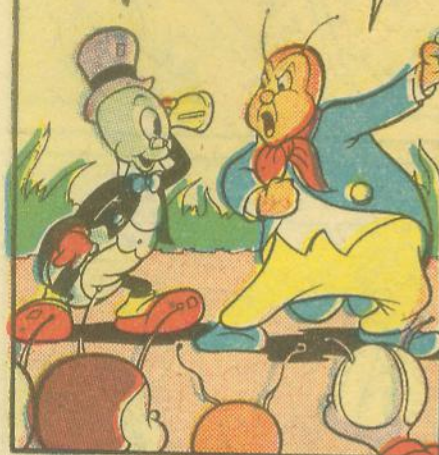
WHAT'S THAT, MAYOR?
YOU SAY I
REMAND YOU
OF NERO?

NO-NO-
NO! I SAID
ABERCROMBIE,
YOU'RE A
HERO!

Dastardly doings in the dead of night,
while Buggy Corners sleeps...

QUIET, YOU LUGS...
I MEAN, BUGS! YOU
WANT 'EM TO
HEAR US?

OKAY, BAD BUG,
BUT MAKE THEM
CENTIPEDES QUIT
WALKING ON MY
HEELS ALLA
TIME!

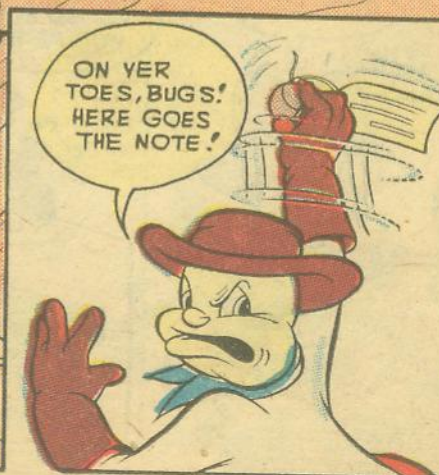


RIGHT
HERE'S A
GOOD
SPOT!

POIFECT! AT
DIS RANGE,
WE CAN'T
MISS!



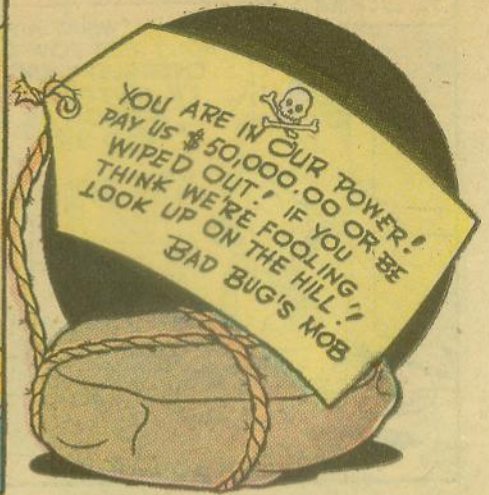
ON YER
TOES, BUGS!
HERE GOES
THE NOTE!



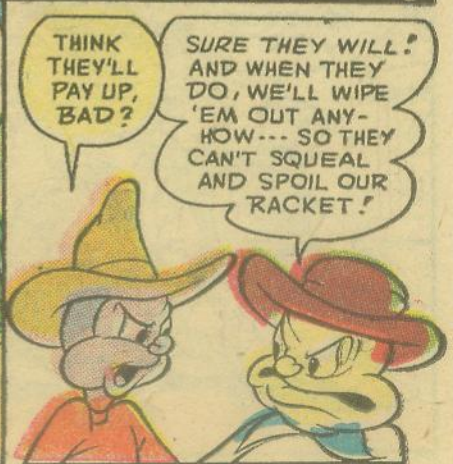
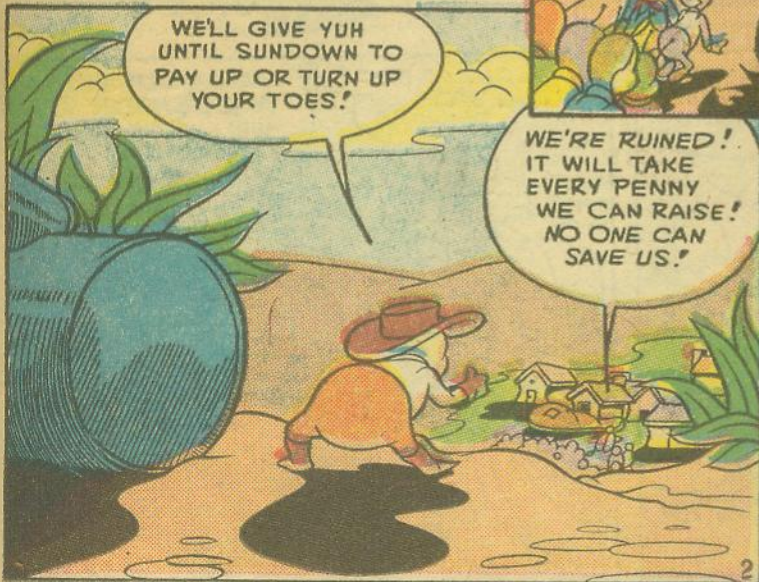
YOW!

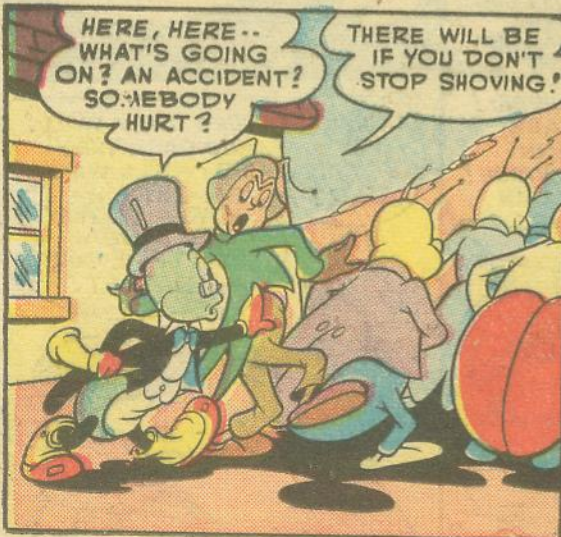
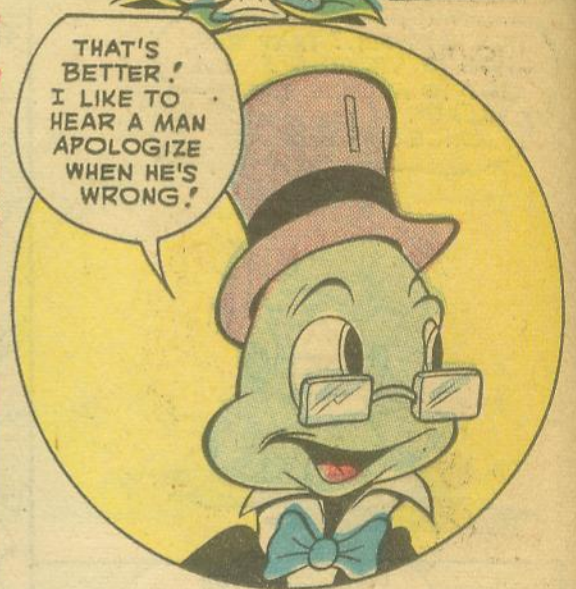
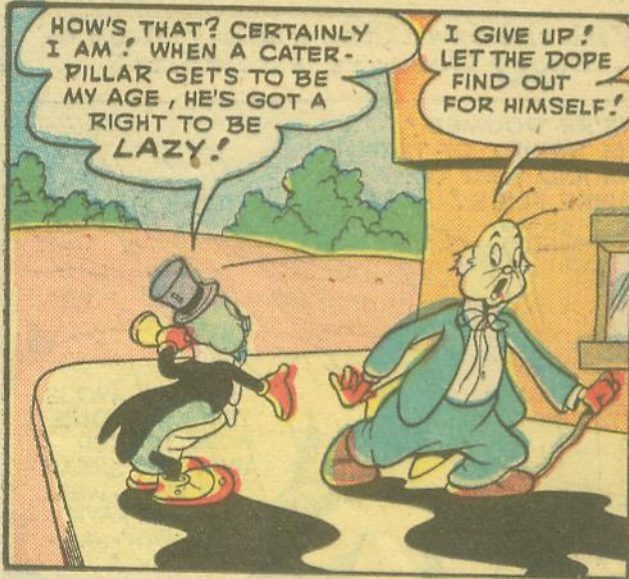
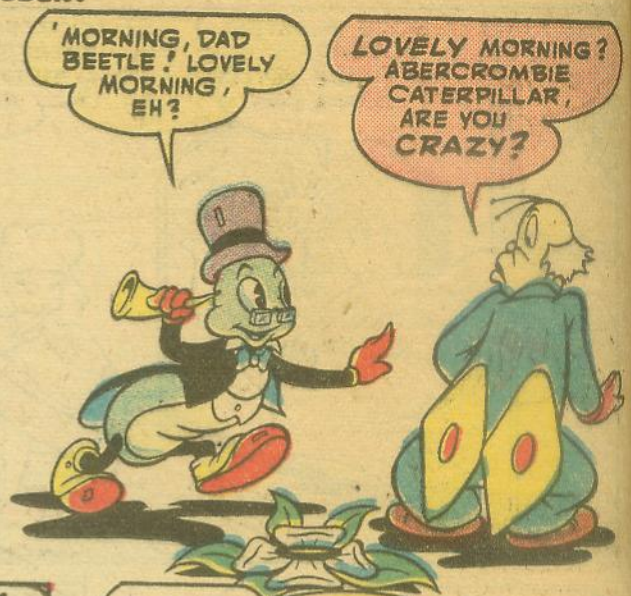
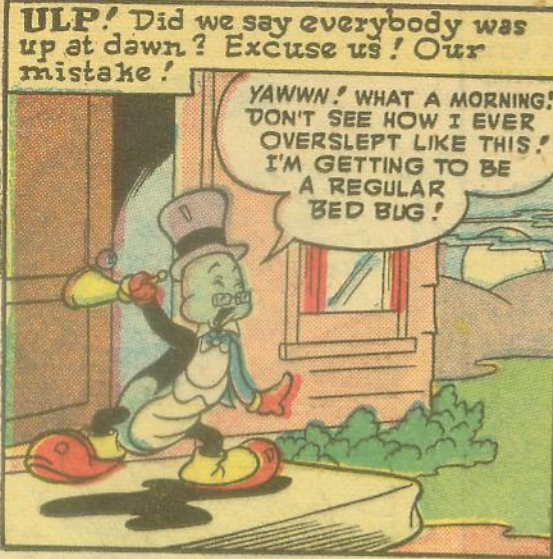


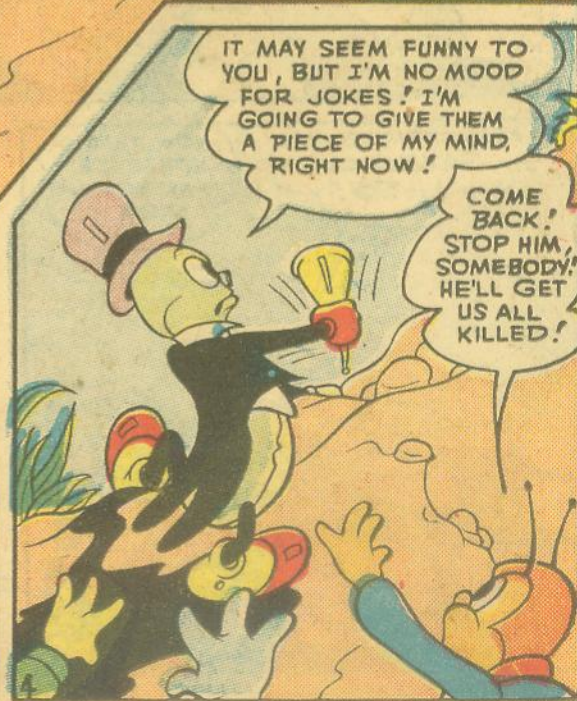
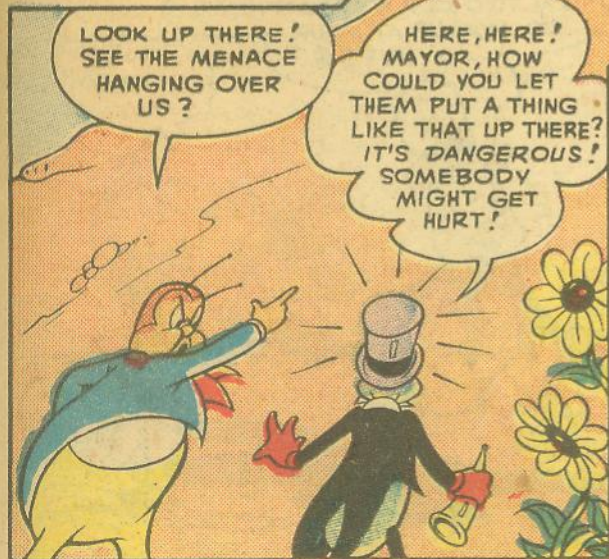
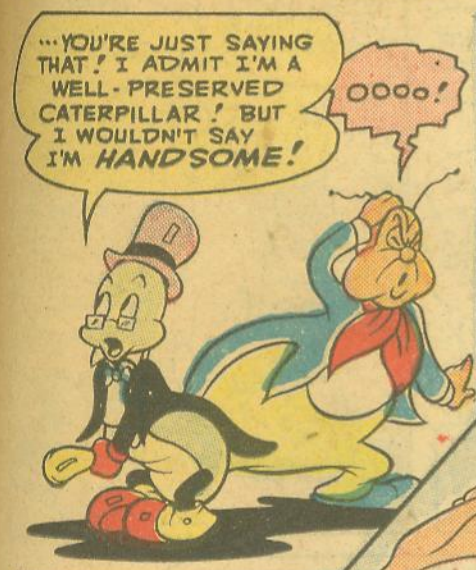
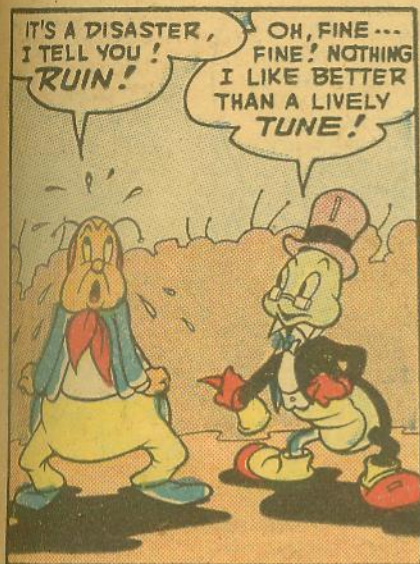
EGBERT

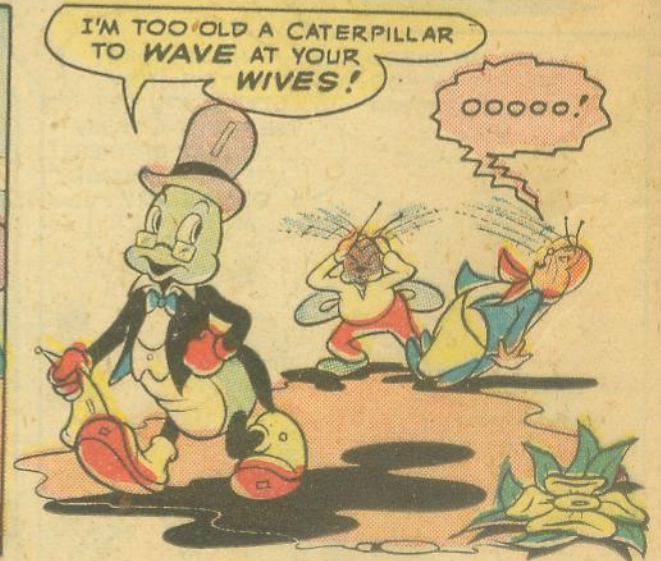


With the dawn, the whole village of Buggy Corners assembles.....









Rooster BAIT

THE Count, sharp black nose to the ground, slunk along the woodsy street sniffing contentedly.

"Ah," thought he, "the smell gets stronger as I go along! It can't be far now."

Sniff. Sniff. The pungent odor became a song in the nostrils of the foxy count. It was odd too that this rich aroma should be present on this cool dawn; usually such things as this portended occurred on lazy afternoons. . . .

A fat mole, breaking from his underground burrow, bounded across the trail-street, and the Count sat back on his trim haunches in surprise. He flicked a dainty paw, tossing the mole out of the way.

"Any other time, Mister Mole," said the Count. "Consider yourself lucky. I am very hungry for breakfast, but better things are ahead. Adios, Mole, maybe another day!"

With a squeak of terror and gratefulness the mole dashed into a rocky niche, and the Count padded on, nose still down.

He now came to the boundary of his own wood. Still the scent persisted, in fact growing stronger. He couldn't understand it. What could be happening beyond these confines? Always before things took place within his own wood—even the activities of Egbert, who was indeed the most foolish chicken he had ever known.

"Grr-rrr!" came a low growl from the brush close to the trail. The Count jerked to a halt, eyes glancing craftily around.

"Hello," he said. "A nice morning, what?"

"Think so?" came the growling voice.

"I—er—yes," replied the fox. "Wh—who—"

A massive paw with foot-long claws reached out of a thicket and chucked the Count on the chin. "Go 'long, Count. I ain't in no mood for eating tough Fox this morning. Consider yourself lucky!"

"Th-thank you, Mr. Bear," said the fox as he hastened along the trail.

"Now what was that bear's idea?" thought the fox, picking up the exotic scent again. We're enemies. Yet he let me pass!

Things were getting beyond the crafty fox this cool dawn. Maybe I'm not so foxy as I always thought. Maybe—

Buzz-zz!

The Count leaped three feet off the ground, whirling in mid-air with eyes bulging and bunching his muscles for a mighty sprint.

"S all right, Count!" came a buzz from a clump of thorn. "No harm meant. Only warning you this morning to try out my new rattles! Just got a new skin last night. How do you like the sound?"

A single bead of sweat broke out on the fox's black nose as he gazed at the wide, flat head swaying within a few inches of his face. He watched the red forked tongue dart out.

"H-hullo, Mr. Rattler!" he greeted with a catch in his voice. "Y-you startled me."

Buzz-buzz-buzz, chuckled the snake. "That's how I get my prey, Count, by startling them so badly that they freeze while I nip them . . . but you're safe this morning, Count! Go along. Consider yourself lucky!"

"Th-thanks," murmured the Count as he took up the trail again. He glanced over his shoulder as he trotted along the trail. Two red-glowing eyes watched him in a swaying flat head. Did he detect something crafty, deadly in that snake's gaze? Or was it merely humor?

Something came over the Count then that he couldn't define. It was a cold shiver that started at the root of his bushy tail and crept along his spine up to his bright red collar. It suddenly froze him in his tracks.

It was a warning that all was not well!

Yes, that was it. Danger must lay ahead!

The Count very carefully turned about and began slinking along the back-trail, making no more sound than a shadow. Delicious as the odor was that had lured him along this unknown trail, he would not follow it out. Things weren't right!

"Hup!"

The Count braced his front feet and came to a sliding halt. There in front of him stood a fearsome fellow, one that few creatures of the wood ventured against unless in dire extremities. It was Porky, the porcupine!

Porky rattled his long quills and flicked his spiky tail in greeting. His small eyes danced.

"Whassa matter, Count?" he demanded in a

harsh voice. "Scared? Is the great fox shivering this morning?"

The Count bristled. "I'll have you know, Porky, that it is not fear that decided me; it was an urgent engagement that I had forgotten."

"Hup!" burped the porcupine again, shaking his quills and taking a step forward.

"Nerts!" he jeered. "You're scared!"

This was too much for the fox. "Pooh!" he snorted. "The engagement can wait!"

He whirled about and resumed his trek, while the quilly one laughed deep in his throat.

Now indeed the fox felt something ominous in this set-up. What did it mean? Was the whole wood set against him? Was this some great joke on him?

The Count almost stumbled over a great hard-backed tortoise as he moved sedately along the trail, taking up all the room.

"Hey, fellow!" snapped the fox. "Move over, can't you? I almost stubbed my toe on your back!"

The tortoise cast a bleak eye up at the red fox towering over him. Then he pulled his head back under his protective shell and laughed shrilly.

"Heh-heh! Smarty Fox! What's your hurry?"

The Count flicked his bushy tail in the tortoise's face as he hurried along the trail. Stupid creature!

Egbert cackled and clucked as he sat perched on the limb of a tree that grew at the edge of a small clearing. Several hens and two or three roosters also perched in the tree, high above the ground. A chuckle passed through the gathering.

"To think," said Egbert, "that we never thought of this before!"

"We!" hooted the great old owl from the top of the tree. "We, indeed! Think again, Egbert! It was I who thought of the trick, and I alone!"

Egbert caught himself and looked a bit sheepish. He winked a solemn eye at the other chickens.

"Of course, Mr. Owl," he said. "I plumb forgot. It *was* you!"

"And Mr. Raccoon," went on the owl. "Don't forget the noble part played by him in this wily trick of mine!"

They all recalled it. How the raccoon had dragged the thing along the trail for several miles, taking a good many chances with enemies along the way.

Yes, they were grateful to these two.

"But I did think of *part* of it," said Egbert in a not-too-loud voice. The hens nodded, clucking affirmatives.

"Shut up, you chattering hens!" came the warning hoot from the treetop. "Here he comes!"

Silence fell over the little group. A thought passed through Egbert's head at this moment: would the other ally show up at the proper time to carry out his part of the trick?

As if to answer his unspoken thought, a movement stirred the grass almost under where they perched, and he knew that their pal was there, waiting.

"Slowly the Count padded into the clearing, ears cocked, eyes piercing. But quickly he put his nose down again and breathed in the wonderful odor that had grown a hundred times stronger during the last hundred yards. "He's close," he said under his breath. "I'll have him in a moment! My, I'm famished!"

Yes, the scent of chicken was heady in the fox's nostrils. Chicken, the best food in the world! Then he saw the chicken, a fat rooster standing in the grass just across the clearing! He bounded forward, mouth hanging open, red tongue lolling.

Just as his mouth was about to snap at the feathered beauty, it leaped into the air, and there sat a striped animal, tail up. A yellowish fog enveloped the Count's face. "S-skunk!" he gurgled, gagging at the awful stench that bathed his face. "Oh-oo!" He keeled over while the world turned about him fast. He had never been so violently ill.

The wood rang with fiendish laughter—laughter from the throats of every animal that lived there. Even the birds peeped and chattered, all of them laughing at the Count's illness!

The Count dragged himself to a sitting posture and looked around. There sat the skunk, grinning. There around the clearing sat every animal he had passed coming here. All laughing at him!

"Who did this dirty trick to me?" he grated.

"I!" cackled Egbert on his perch.

"I!" hooted the owl.

"I!" said the skunk, calmly.

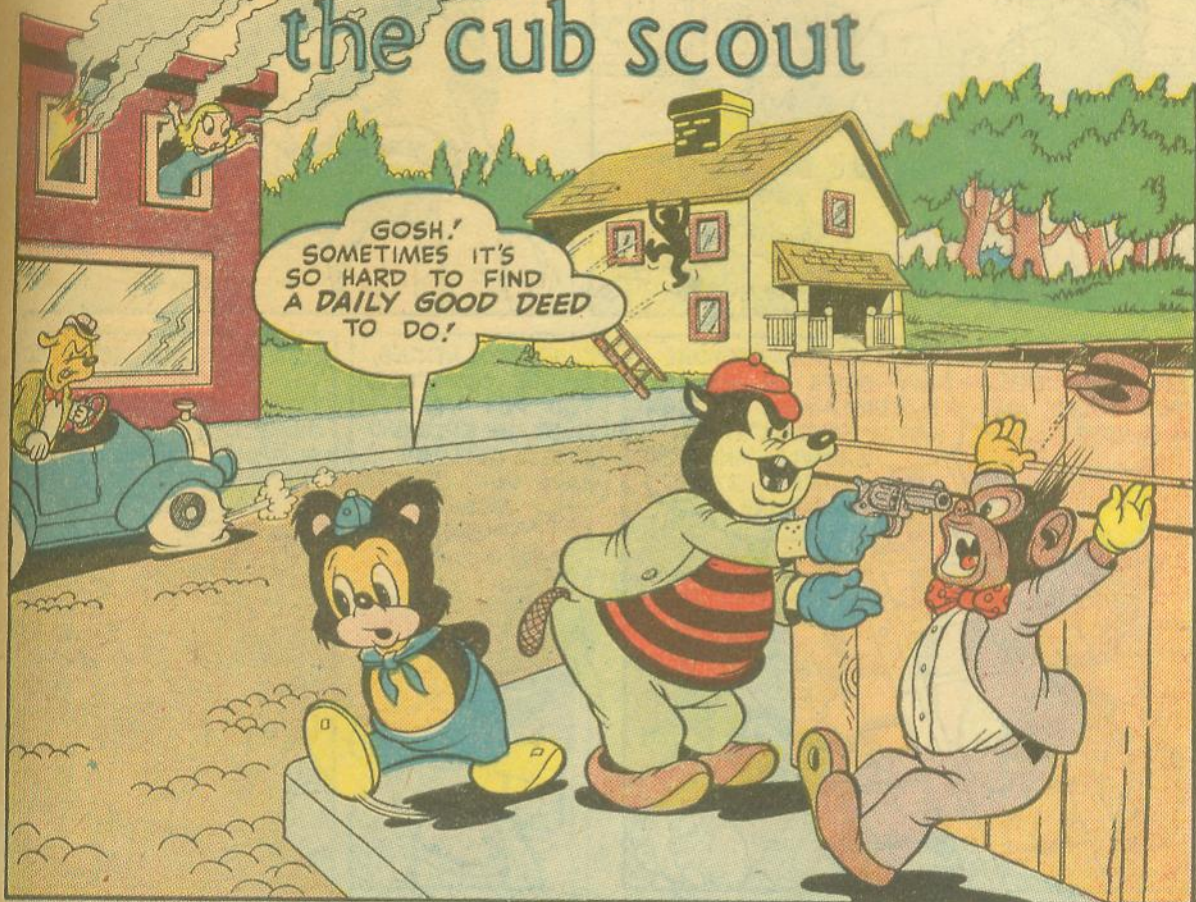
"I had something to do with it, too," said the raccoon. "But we'll let that go. The point is, Count, you've had your fill of chickens. This is to warn you . . . don't ever touch a chicken again. We like Egbert!"

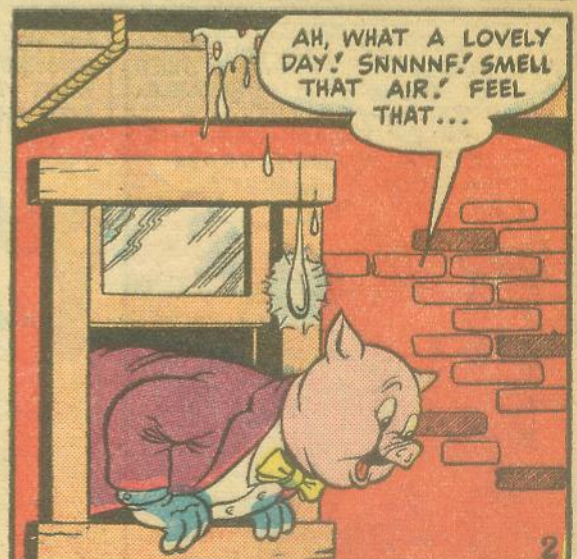
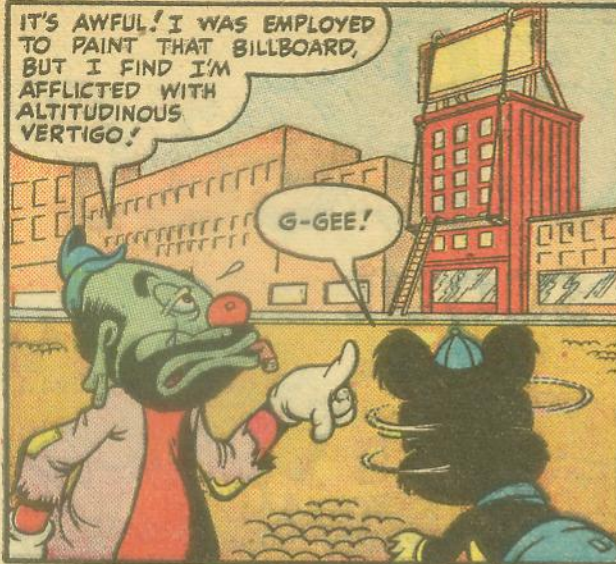
The Count had to agree.

ECBERT

Beanie Bear

the cub scout

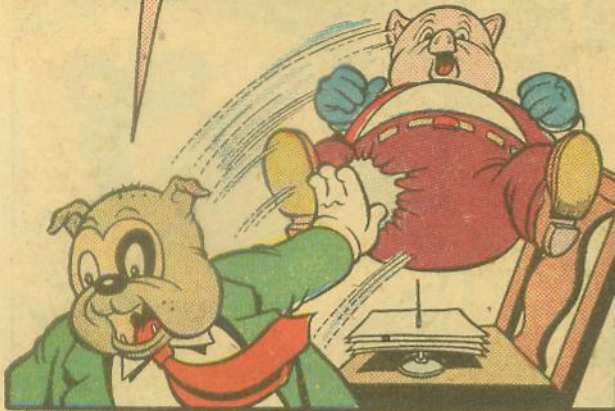






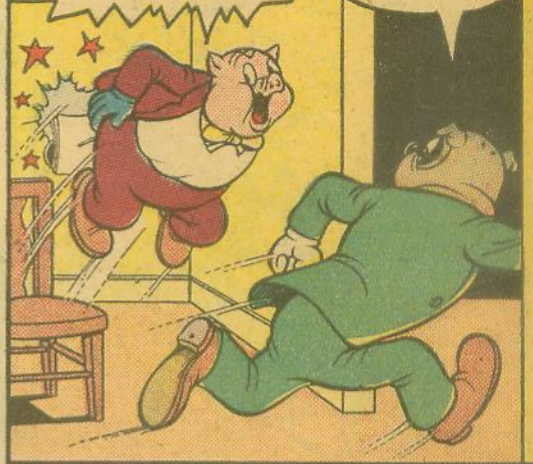
I'LL ATTEND TO HIM AT ONCE! JUST SIT HERE AND RELAX, MR. PIG! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

B-BUT...



EEFOW!

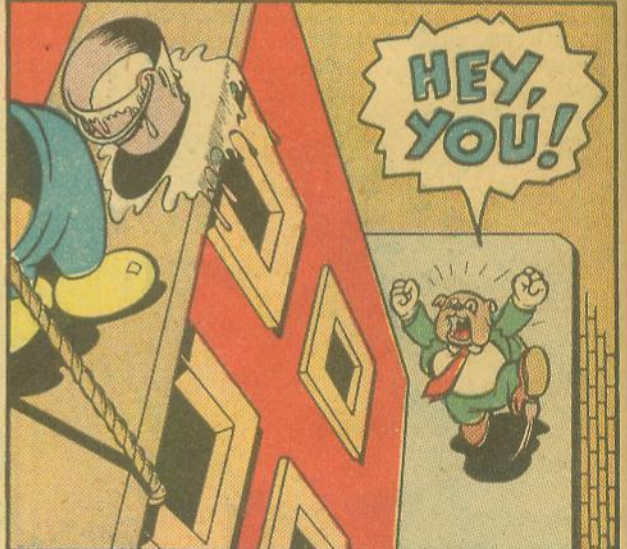
MY GOODNESS, HE IS UPSET! TCH-TCH!



I SHOULD NEVER HAVE EMPLOYED THAT UNCOUTH INDIVIDUAL -- BUT HE PLAYED UPON MY SYMPATHIES WITH HIS SAD TALE OF WOE!



HEY, YOU!



COME DOWN HERE AT ONCE!

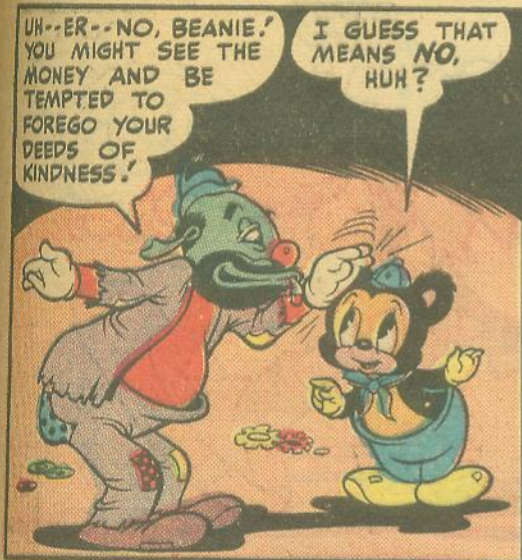
WHO, ME? OOOPS!



WHAT KIND OF... BLOOB!

ULP! I WONDER WHO THAT MAN IS!



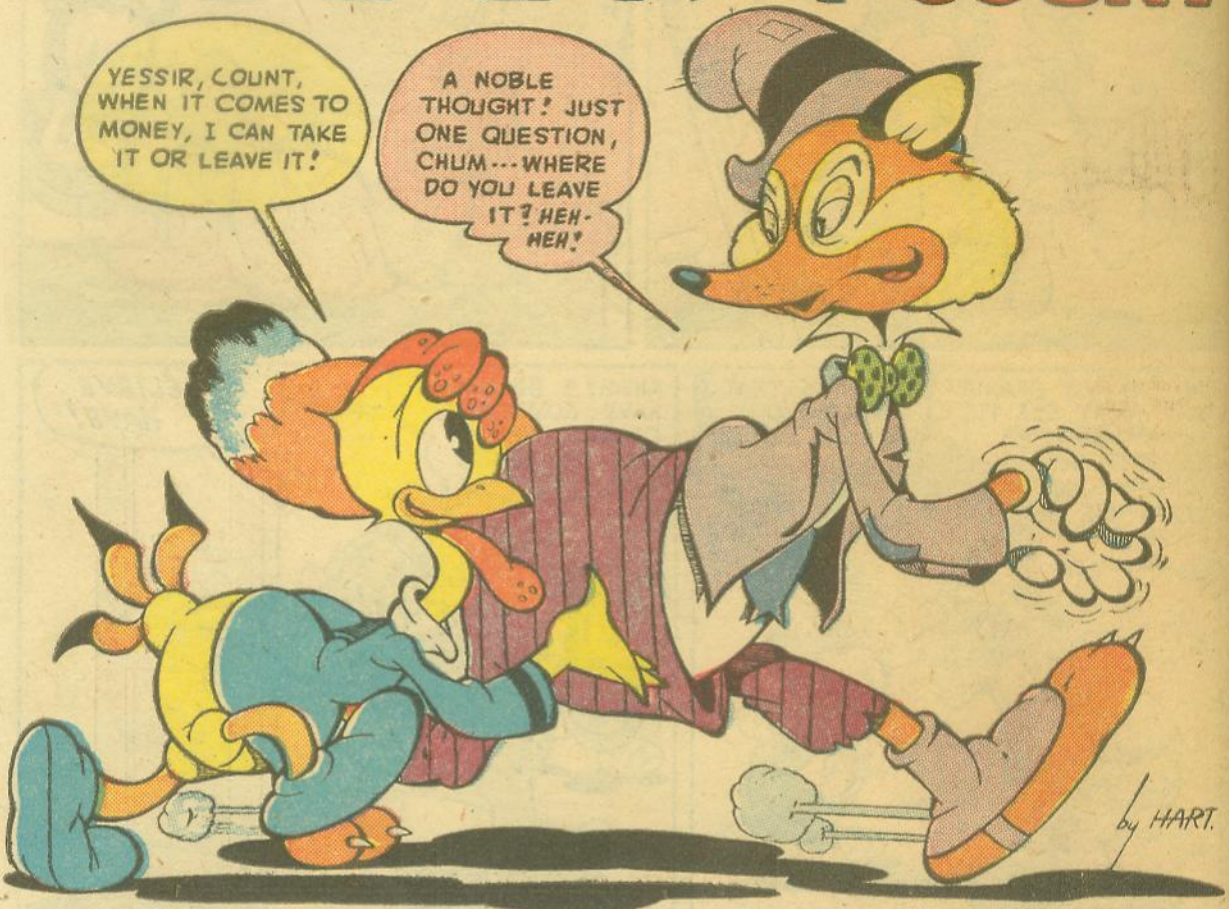


ECBERT

ECBERT *and the* COUNT

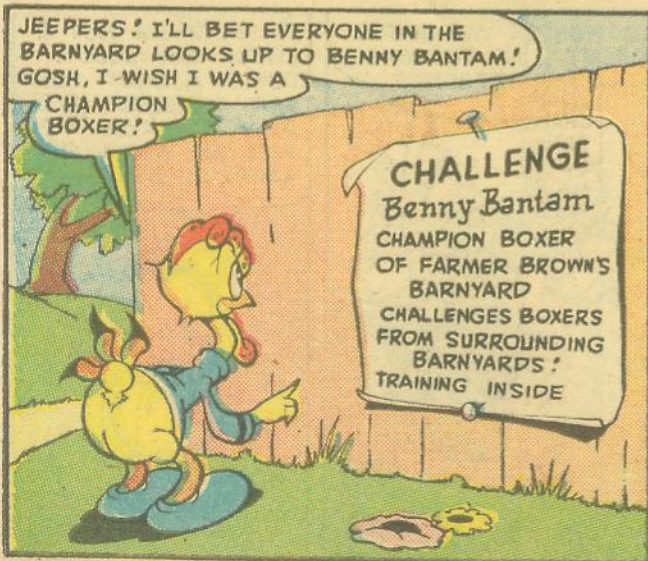
YESSIR, COUNT,
WHEN IT COMES TO
MONEY, I CAN TAKE
IT OR LEAVE IT!

A NOBLE
THOUGHT! JUST
ONE QUESTION,
CHUM... WHERE
DO YOU LEAVE
IT? HEH-
HEH!



JEEPERS! I'LL BET EVERYONE IN THE
BARNYARD LOOKS UP TO BENNY BANTAM!
GOSH, I WISH I WAS A
CHAMPION
BOXER!

CHALLENGE
Benny Bantam
CHAMPION BOXER
OF FARMER BROWN'S
BARNYARD
CHALLENGES BOXERS
FROM SURROUNDING
BARNYARDS!
TRAINING INSIDE

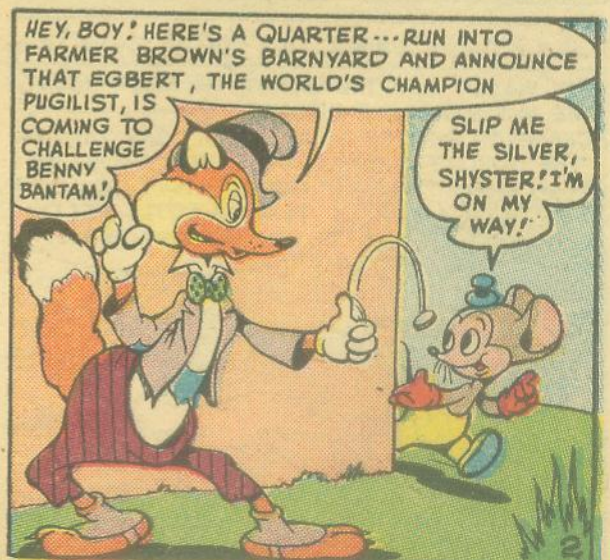
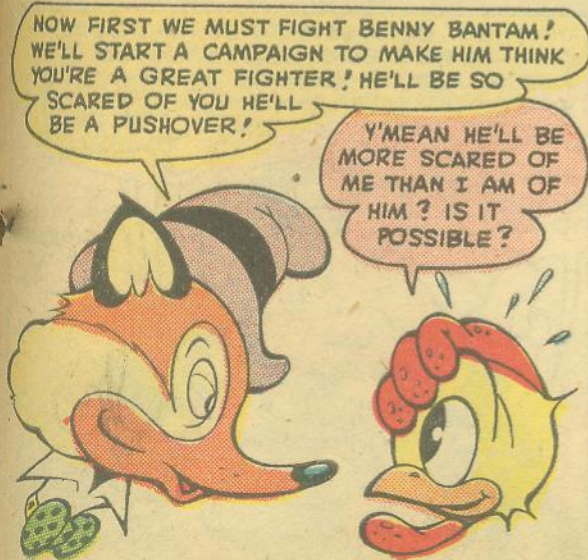
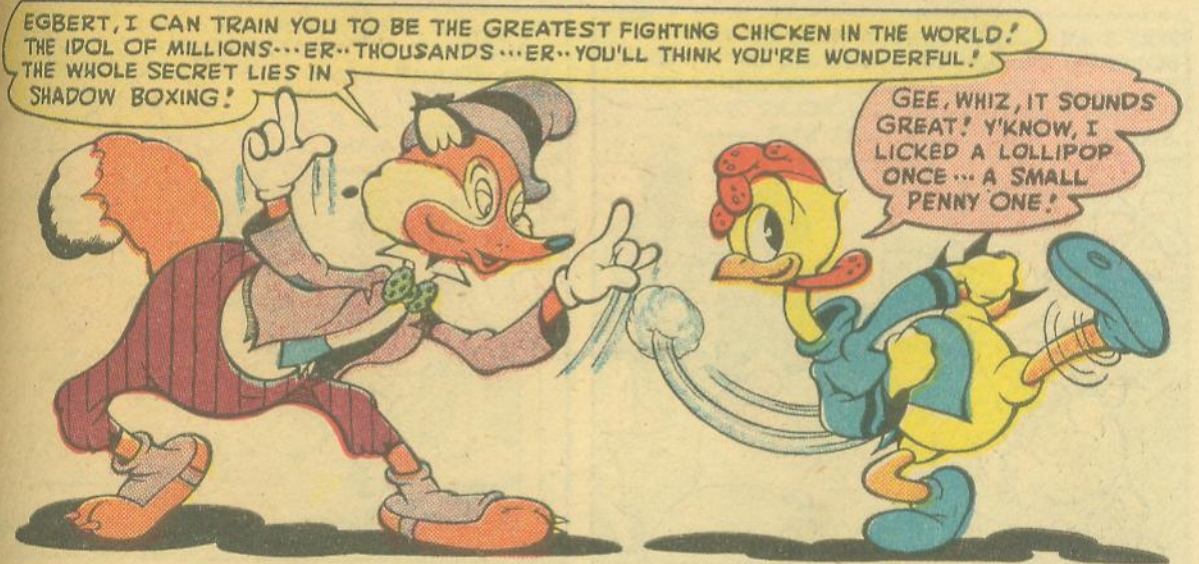
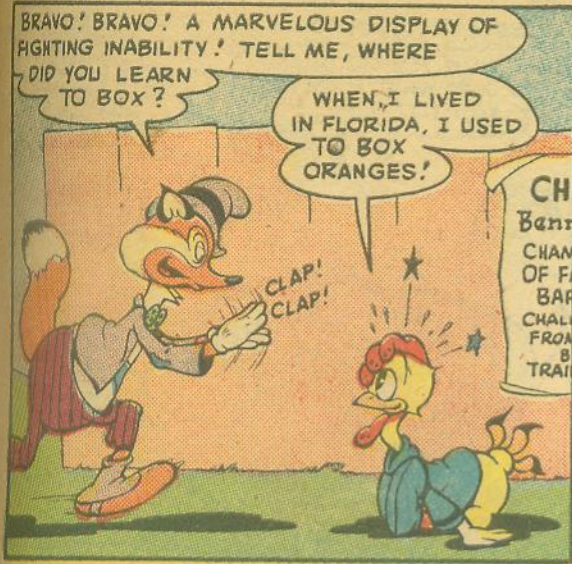


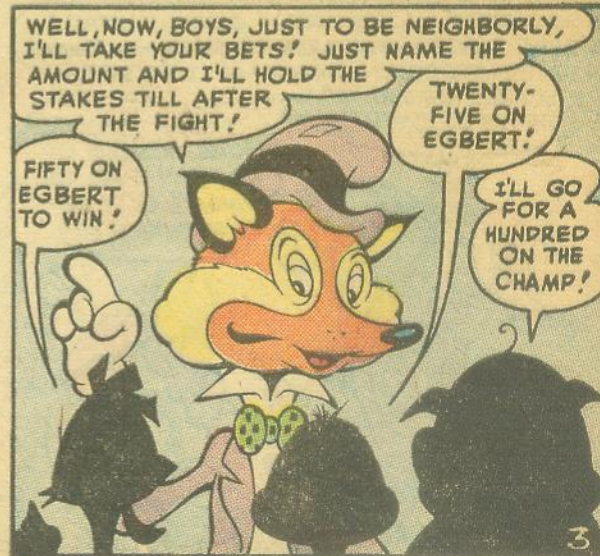
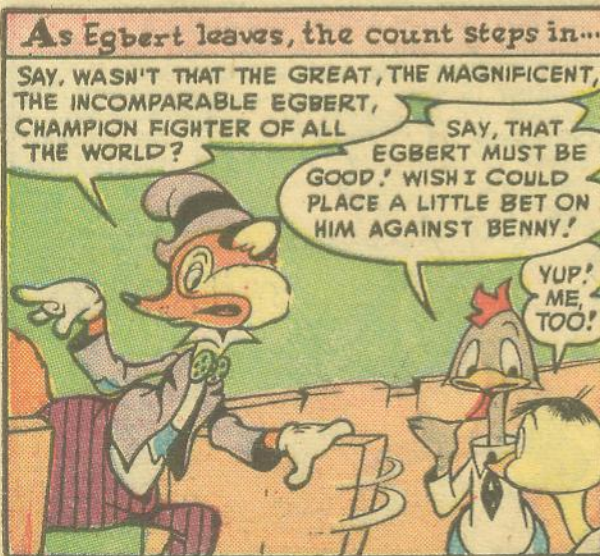
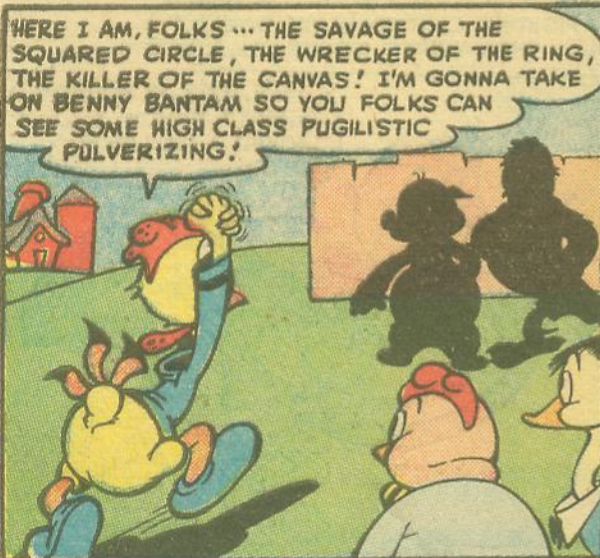
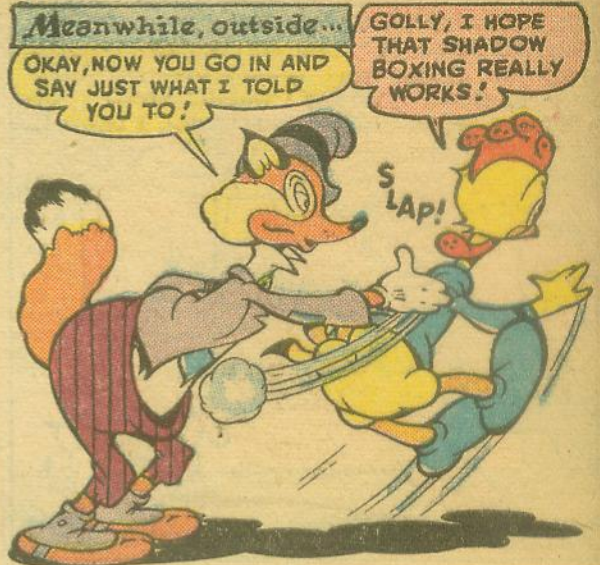
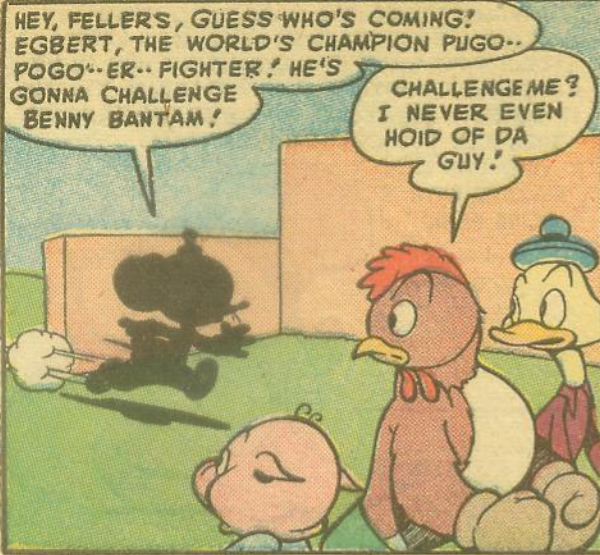
I'D DUCK AND BOB AND WEAVE AND
SHADOW BOX! I'D SWING A LEFT HOOK,
THEN A RIGHT CROSS, THEN A ...

OUCH!



EGBERT

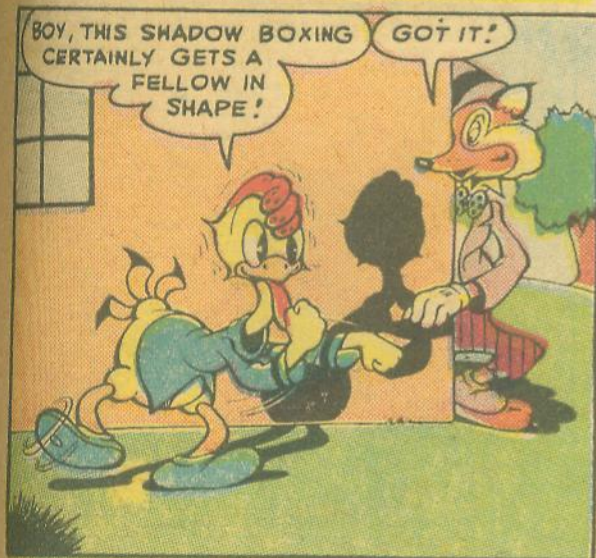




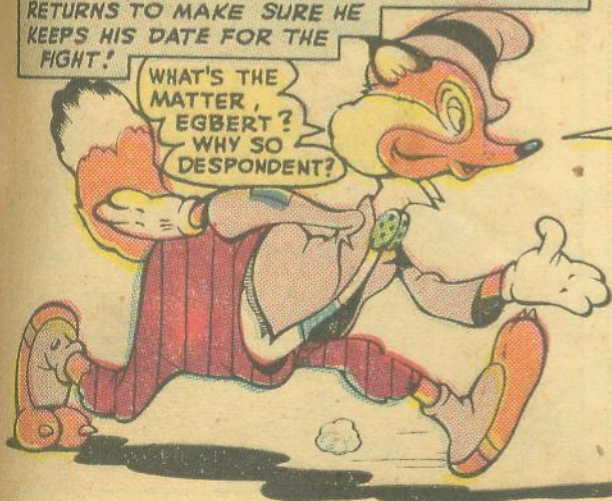
EGBERT



I HAVE IT! HE PLACES SO MUCH FAITH IN SHADOW BOXING --- I'LL STEAL HIS SHADOW! THAT SHOULD KILL ANY REMOTE CHANCE HE MAY HAVE OF WINNING!

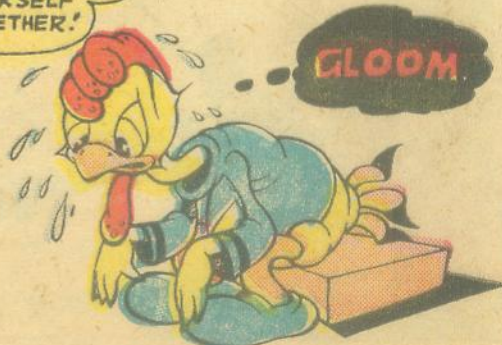


THE COUNT BURIES EGBERT'S SHADOW, THEN RETURNS TO MAKE SURE HE KEEPS HIS DATE FOR THE FIGHT!



I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THE FIGHT, COUNT! I CAN'T TRAIN! MY SHADOW'S GONE!

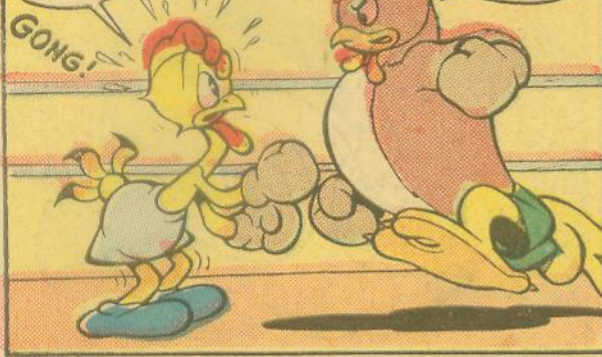
YOU'VE GOT TO! NOW PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!



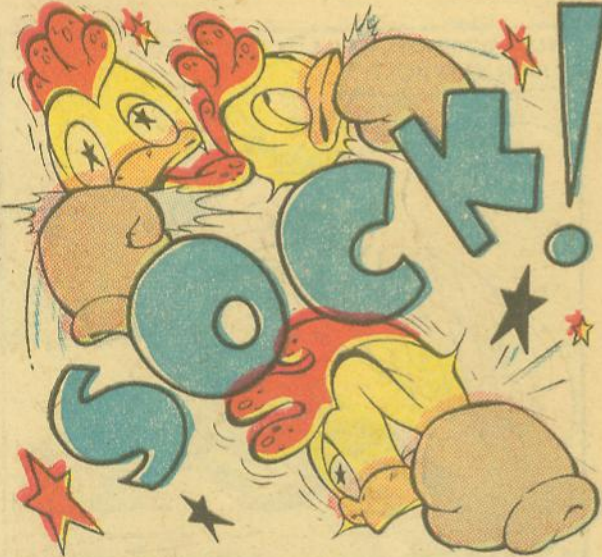
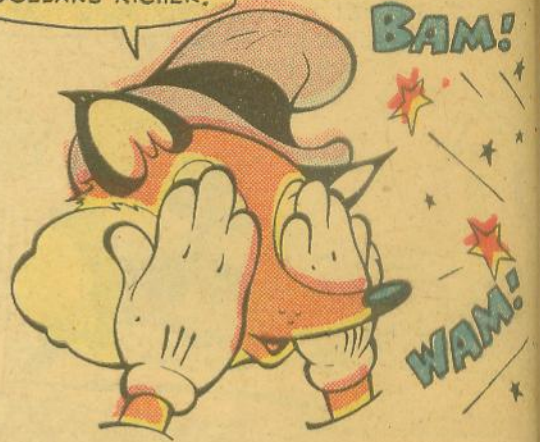
The day of the fight arrives! As the gong rings, Egbert, scared silly, still attempts to play his role

YOU D-DON'T STAND A CH-CHANCE, B-BENNY! I WAS B-BORN WITH B-BOXING GLOVES ON!

YEAH, AND YOU'RE GONNA DIE THE SAME WAY!

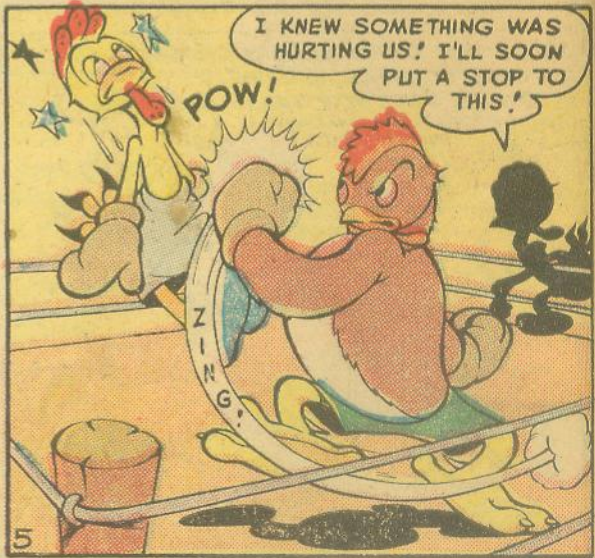
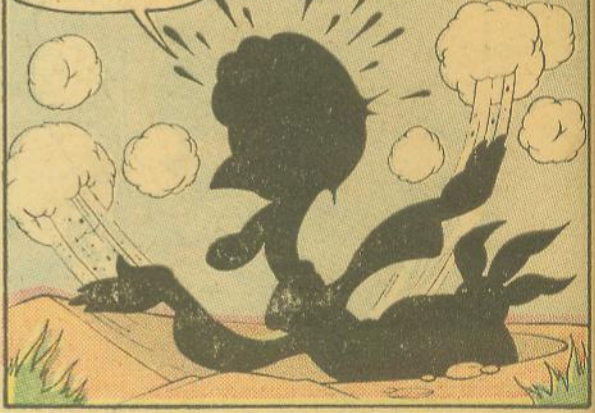


OOOH! I CAN'T LOOK, BUT IT SOUNDS WONDERFUL! HEH, HEH! IN A FEW MINUTES, I'LL BE THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS RICHER!



MEANWHILE, EGBERT'S SHADOW DIGS HIMSELF OUT OF THE HOLE THE COUNT PLACED HIM IN!

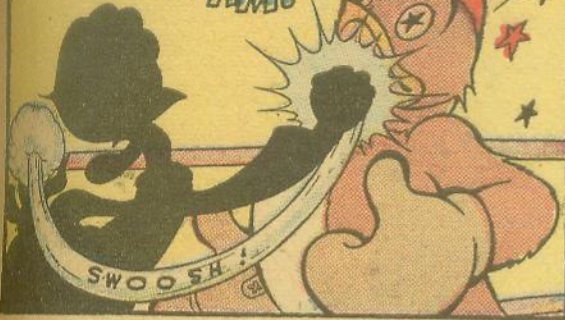
CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT GUY, PUTTING ME IN A HOLE? I KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO! I'LL FIX HIM!



EGBERT

TAKE THAT! THERE! NOW I CAN LIE DOWN AT EGBERT'S FEET AGAIN AND TAKE IT EASY!

OOF!
WHAM!



JEEPERS, HE--HE'S KNOCKED OUT! I MUST HAVE DONE IT AND...AND MY SHADOW'S BACK--AND I'M A HERO! JEEPERS!

EGBERT WINS!

HOORAY!

HOORAY FOR EGBERT!



MEANWHILE, THE COUNT, UNABLE TO PAY OFF HIS BETS, ATTEMPTS QUIETLY TO STEAL AWAY!

IT JUST SHOWS TO GO YOU --- NEVER INDULGE IN THE VICE OF GAMBLING! I'LL PULL A SNEAK WITH THE MONEY THE BARNYARD BOYS BET, JUST TO TEACH THEM A LESSON!



WHAT THE...? NOW WAIT A MINUTE, FELLOWS! OF COURSE, I WAS JUST FOOLING WHEN I TOOK YOUR BETS! YOU BOYS CAN TAKE A JOKE, CAN'T YOU?

YUP! AND WE CAN TAKE OUR MONEY, TOO! WE'RE GOING TO GIVE IT TO EGBERT AS A PURSE!




GOSH! THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

HOORAY FOR EGBERT!

LET'S NOT BE HASTY, PALS! I WOULDN'T CHEAT YOU! WHY, I'M LIKE A BROTHER TO ALL BARNYARD CREATURES! I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M ONE OF YOU!

YUP! AND YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK LIKE ONE OF US, TOO, BROTHER, WEARING THESE FEATHERS!





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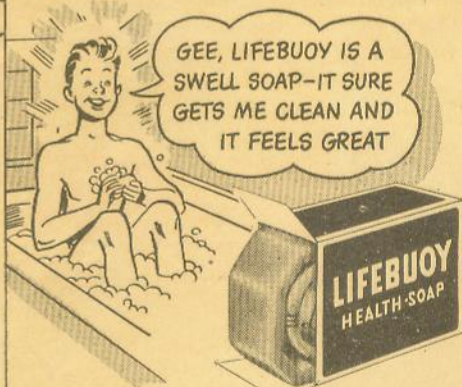


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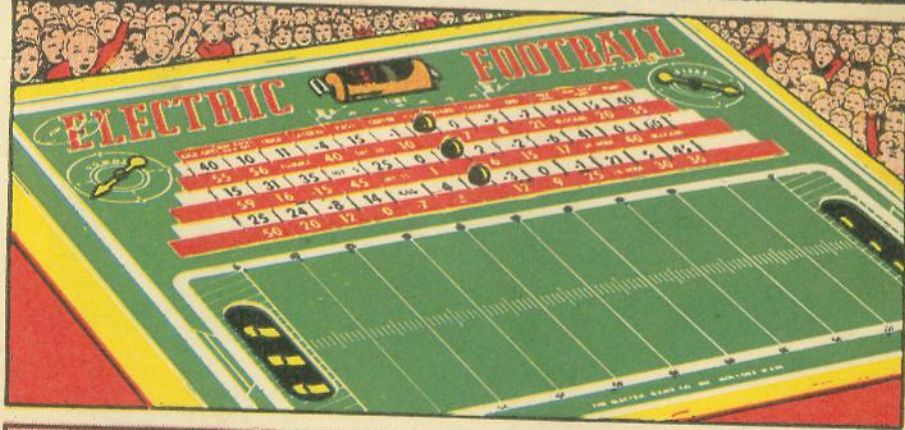
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